

# ROUND THE YEAR WITH MR. PUNCH

With 247 Illustrations  
& Frontispiece in Colours



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# THE NEW "PUNCH" LIBRARY

## TWENTY VOLUMES

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Mr. Punch's Cavalcade :<br>A Revue of Thirty Years | 11. Mr. Punch Goes Motoring            |
| 2. Mr. Punch in Mayfair                               | 12. Mr. Punch's Country Manners        |
| 3. Mr. Punch in the Family Circle                     | 13. Mr. Punch in Holiday Mood          |
| 4. Mr. Punch After Dinner                             | 14. Mr. Punch on the Links             |
| 5. Mr. Punch's Children's Hour                        | 15. Mr. Punch in London Town           |
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| 8. Mr. Punch with Horse and<br>Hound                  | 18. Mr. Punch's Sports and<br>Pastimes |
| 9. Mr. Punch's Theatricals                            | 19. Round the Year with<br>Mr. Punch   |
| 10. Mr. Punch in Scotland                             | 20. Mr. Punch in War Time              |

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AS ORIGINALLY PLANNED, THIS VOLUME WAS TO REPRESENT Mr. Punch's activities month by month throughout the year, and, being filled with material selected from his store-house of entertainment, was to form a sort of Almanac of Almanacs. But in the result it has become, in some sort, Mr. Punch's Book of the Seasons.

The reason for this is, that while there is never a month when Mr. Punch is not busy on behalf of laughter-lovers' annual festivals, the programmes drawn up by the overlords of the sporting world, and even by Nature herself, so arrange things that the monthly happenings are very unevenly distributed, some months, such as December, being almost top-heavy, while others scurry modestly away with scarcely an outstanding item to show.

But no matter whether, in going through the year with Mr. Punch, one cares to take short steps or long, the journey will be happy, for the present volume which makes that journey possible can justly be introduced as one of the jolliest in the whole library—and one, too, containing some of the finest work that has ever appeared in the pages of *Punch*.

WHILE, as usual, the bulk of the contributions are due to the humorists of the pencil rather than their brethren of the pen, it will be noted that the latter make a particularly strong showing, and that the poets among them have seldom if ever sung more melodiously. They have been finely inspired by each succeeding Season, and if Spring has made a special appeal to their muse, that again is as it should be, and in keeping with poetic tradition.

A glance at the list of our literary contents will show a larger number of items than any other volume, due mainly to the fact that so many of Mr. Punch's poets are here represented by sets of witty verses, which are not the less witty in being "short lengths." This is an accident of our editorial method, as there was no intention that the authors should have a specially strong representation in this volume. No serious attempt has been made anywhere to achieve a regular balance between the literary and the pictorial pages: the editorial effort has been always to select the most attractive contributions of both sort and by a process of elimination, reduce the bulk to the dimensions of a single volume, letting the proportionate quantities work out as they might.

But here neither poets nor prosemen by any means confine themselves to such subjects as spring days, or flowers, or autumn nights, or dreams of midsummer, or log-fires, or butterflies, or nightingales, or harvest moons. They range far beyond these manifestations of Nature in the procession of the months, and we read about a multitude of things that happen to our fellow-beings with the changing activities that arise from the changing seasons: of fishing and boating, of blue-bell gathering and flower-shows, of Christmas revels and postmen, of parties and presents, of weather and oysters, of bees and wasps, and birds, and trees, and a wonderful variety of other matters.

NATURALLY, any item that finds a place here might fittingly have been included in "Sports and Pastimes," or "After Dinner," or almost any of the other volumes, but in going "Round the Year with Mr. Punch" one must obviously pause now and then to watch a cricket match, or an eight practising on the river, or to look at people swimming or skating; or to pull one's chair in to some hospitable table round which, presently, the jokes as well as the wine will pass.

It was certainly to be expected that our cheery old fun-maker and his no less cheerful assistants would pay particular attention to the long days of summer with their seasonal delights and the potentialities for fun which are always to be found in our British weather; to Christmastide, when the postman becomes so much more important a person than ordinarily, and the turkey assumes a posthumous nobility in the bird world. But we may safely trust ourselves to the Punchmen whatever be the time of year, and we shall almost certainly discover that both the artists and the authors know much more about our individual manners and customs than we would have been ready to believe possible.

Perhaps it is because of the very general nature of this volume that none of Mr. Punch's gifted illustrators greatly overtops his fellow contributors in the number of drawings included. And here again it might be worth mentioning that the Editor of the Library has in none of the twenty volumes consciously sought to "star" any of the artists—so many of whom are worthy of having volumes devoted to their due representation. Perhaps the present one is notable for the fact that only five examples of the inimitable Mr. Belcher appear in it, and so famous and individual a contributor as Mr. H. M. Bateman has, but three, while all the other familiar names in Mr. Punch's picture pages are represented by half-a-dozen or more of their drawings. The variety of the volume is seen in Mr. Baumer topping the list with twenty-three examples, a number that would not get more than a "place" in most of the others. Mr. Kenneth Beauchamp, some examples of whose amusingly mannered work appear in practically every volume of the Library, is one of the few who have not already had some special mention in these editorial notes, and if "A. W. Bird," whose deliberately amateurish drawings have illustrated some of Mr. Punch's funniest jokes, has only two specimens in the present volume that is because his humour would seldom seem to have had seasonal point.

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# ROUND THE YEAR WITH MR. PUNCH

## First-Footnotes

THE New Year was just going to arrive in the rain.

"You're the darkest man in the room," said everybody, and looked accusingly at me.

"I'm not," I said indignantly. "James is at least two shades of hair-dye darker than me."

James and I were stood side by side and inspected critically. James is ever so much darker than I am.

"Hurry up!" said James, when everybody else had finished talking to me. "It's just on twelve."

"James is much darker than me," I repeated feebly. "His soul's ever so much blacker too."

"Hurry up!" said everybody.

"Look here," I said petulantly; "surely women are eligible for this post now, aren't they? Mary's far and away the darkest person here. Anyone can see that. Mary, I feel convinced that you are ready to undertake whatever public duties may fall to your lot."

"Oh, do hurry up!" said Mary.

"I'm disappointed in you," I said bitterly. "I thought you were an advanced female. Really, Mary, I——"

"Hurry up!" said everybody.

I moved towards the door, bowing gracefully to public opinion. Seeing that James and Bill, who are the sort of large ruthless men who profess to

enjoy playing rugger, had each a firm grip of one of my arms, I felt it was really the best thing to do. I do hope James and Bill are chosen one day to play against the All Blacks. I shall stand on the touch-line and laugh like anything.

"Stop!" I exclaimed suddenly.

Somewhat to my surprise everybody did stop. I wondered hard what to say.

"Are there any Scotch people here?" I asked.

There weren't.

"Good! Then we shan't be offending any national susceptibilities. What I wanted to explain is this. The peculiarly loathsome custom of first-footing, which I hold in abomination and disgust, is, like the bagpipes, the haggis and other offences against civilisation, of Scotch origin. Well——"

"Shall we remove the body?" James interrupted coarsely.

"No; let the little lad have his say," said somebody else. "He's still got two minutes."

"Well," I went on without very much hope, "what I mean is, do we



#### AULD LANG SYNE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ALPS

New arrival, finding himself surrounded by perfect strangers, joins feebly in the general protest against the idea of "auld acquaintance" being forgot.



No, these are not the "Sisters Sue" executing a step-dance; they are merely two fair ladies comparing their New-Year gifts of anklet watches.  
(January 4, 1922)

want to be associated with the nation that produced the bagpipes and the haggis?"

"Yes!" said everybody.

"Quite so," I said quickly. "Very well, then. Let us practise instead the old Norse custom of first-footing, which is infinitely more ancient, more refreshing and more lucky than the Scotch variation."

"And what's that?"

"Why," I began, "that—that—yes, that everybody goes out *except* the darkest man. He stays just inside the——"

"James!" said Bill grimly.

Things happened.

"Stop!" I pleaded earnestly.

My voice must really have been very earnest indeed, for to my intense surprise they did stop once more.

"Well?" asked James.

"I don't *want* to be a first-foot," I said hurriedly. "For all your sakes, I mean—not my own, of course. I'm so unlucky, you see. I should bring

# Manners and Modes

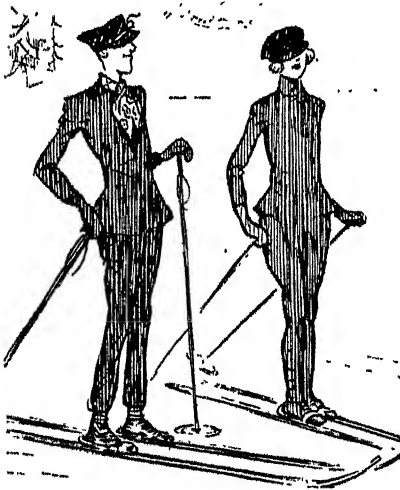
(A Study in Ski-ing Costumes)



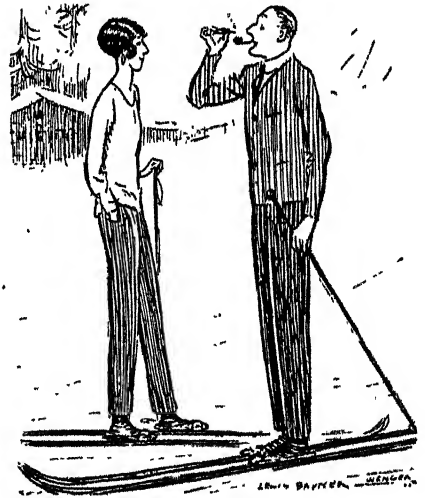
From the absolute novices --



Through the third-class—



And second-class performers --



To the finished article.



## The Art that Conceals Itself



In the matter of costume, don't judge by appearances —



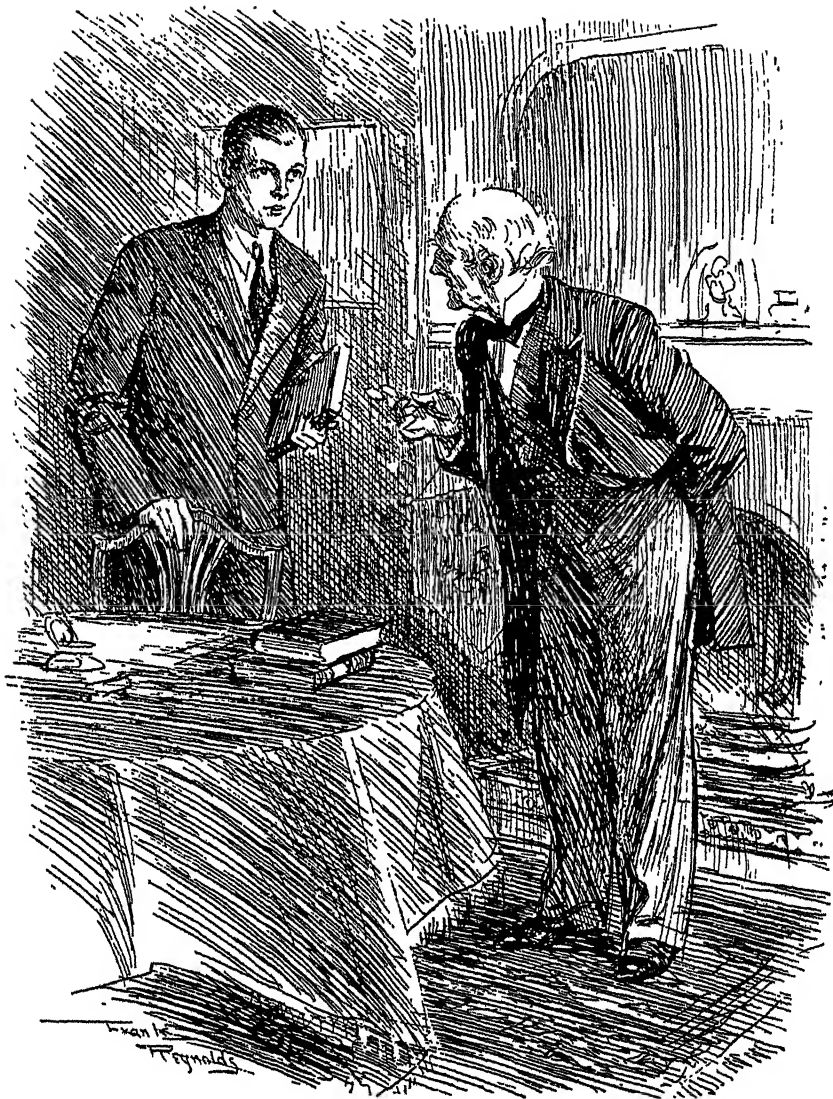
Because you never can tell.



Sad plight of a humorous artist who made a New Year resolution to be funnier than ever.



HOSTESS. "And what good resolutions have you made for the New Year?"



PUPIL.. "A Happy New Year to you, Sir."  
TUTOR (who has a horror of the phrase, "The Same to you"). "Thank you, Smith; and I sincerely trust that the ensuing twelve months will be fraught with unbounded joy for you also."

terribly bad luck on all of you. I always do when it's raining. Really, much though I should have loved to do it for you, I can't help feeling that James would make a much better all-weather, ready-to-wear first-foot for general use."

I looked round anxiously. They were moved, I could see.

"Oh, very well," said my excellent hostess. "James, I think perhaps you had better, if you don't mind."

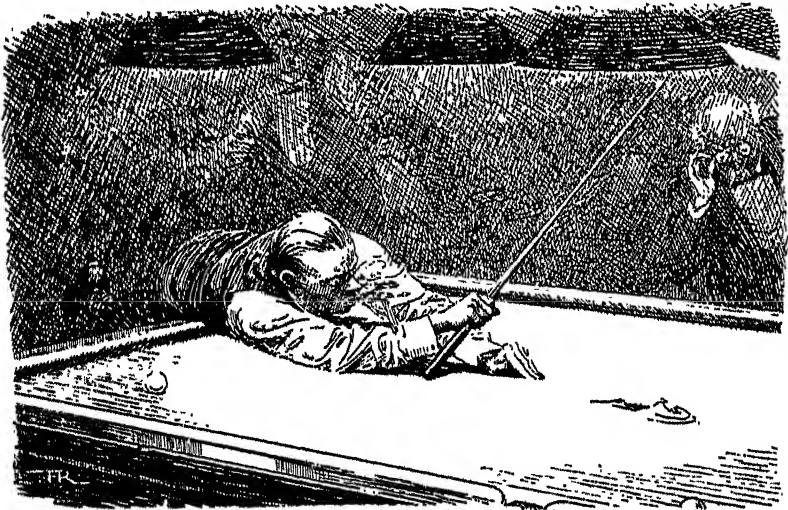
James did mind, but he couldn't show it. That is the worst of being one of these rugged footballers. They have to pretend that they like rain and that sort of thing.

"I remember," said our hostess's father, "in 'seventy-eight—or was it 'seventy-nine? No, bless my soul! it was 'seventy-six, the very year my daughter was born" (our hostess blushed vividly and we all looked quickly the other way). "Young Jimmy Carruthers was our first-foot, and when he came to kiss the ladies he insisted on kissing little Mrs. Wales three times, for extra-special luck. Old Wales's face was a picture, I can tell you; but of course he couldn't say anything."

"Excuse me, Sir," I said very politely, "I am rather ignorant of these matters. Am I to understand that the first-foot has the privilege of——?"

"Of course he has, my boy," chuckled the old man. "In my young days there was rare competition for the post, I can tell you."

"Well," said James very airily, "suppose I'd better be getting outside, eh?"



IMPERFECT PERFORMER. "There goes another of my New Year resolutions."



BENEVOLENT OLD LADY. "Jenkins, as it's New Year's Eve I think it would be nice to put Stilton in the mousetraps."

I contemplated him for a moment with commiseration. James was married quite recently, and his wife is a charming dainty creature. So is Bill's. James and Bill are dreadfully fond of their wives.

"No, James," I said at last, patting him gently on the shoulder, "I cannot let you do this for me. The duty is mine; I see it clearly now. You are a brave fellow, James, for I know your chest is weak, but I cannot accept this sacrifice at your hands. Farewell!"

And I just got outside before the clock struck.

## New Year Reforms

Resolved as from January 1, 1923, till Further Notice :—

TO rise resilient with the lark  
And set a little after dark,  
For wisdom lies that way and health,  
And I am told it leads to wealth.

To wear adjacent to my chest  
All the year round a flannel vest ;  
Deeply to breathe and up my nose  
To work an antiseptic hose.

To check a tendency to feed  
Beyond the bounds of actual need,  
And drink at meals the happy mean  
But never, never in between.

To smoke tobacco cool and mild,  
Which stops my nerves from going wild,  
But not exceeding, let us say,  
Some four-and-twenty pipes a day.

To keep my constitution fit  
By running in the Park a bit ;  
Or, when it rains, to do indoors  
Some exercise that opes the pores.

My little lyre at times to tweak,  
Not under pressure once a week,  
But, like a linnnet up a tree,  
With perfect spontaneity.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY  
January.

MR. PUNCH. "Well, of all the——!"

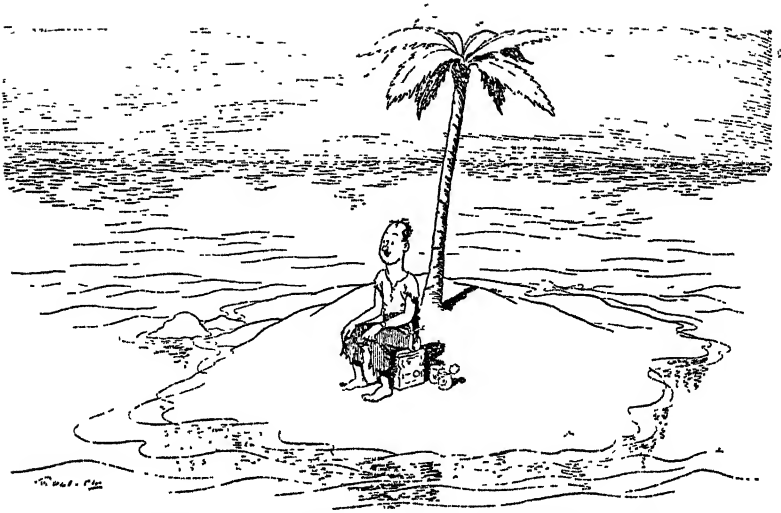
To pay my taxman on the stroke,  
As if I really liked the bloke ;  
To dance for Charity, nor pause  
To wonder what may be the Cause.

Not to condemn an Age too much  
That lacks the mid-Victorian touch,  
But bravely suffer Georgian bards  
And bear with flappers' glad regards.

To love the man who lives next door  
Just like myself or even more,  
And do to others (which I don't)  
What they should do to me, but won't.

In fact, with all the might I can  
To try to be a better man.

O. S.



THE SOLE SURVIVOR. "Ah, well, anyway this settles the question of Aunt Caroline's New Year's Gift."



NEW YEAR REVELLER (*pulling himself together*). "Well, I must say 'Good night' to you boys. I live here."

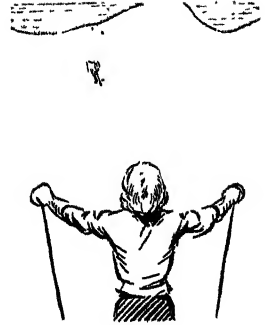
## Mountain Air



9 A.M.



10 A.M.



11 A.M.



12



1 P.M.



2 P.M.



3 P.M.



4 P.M.



5 P.M.



# Mountain Air



6 P.M.



7 P.M.



8 P.M.



9 P.M.



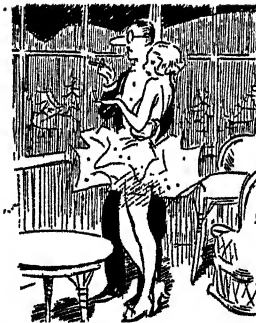
10 P.M.



11 P.M.



12



1 A.M.



2 A.M.

## Gems of the Ring

**A**PRI'L'S bonny  
 For Joan and Johnny ;  
 April's silver and blue ;  
 She's all unpeaceful,  
 Of all caprice full,  
 And stepped from a story true ;  
 Whence primrose sallies  
 And grey bird rallies  
 The copse with his imp " Cuckoo."

June is jolly  
 For Dick and Dolly,  
 Yet walks like a queen as well,  
 With stately poses  
 And crowns of roses,

And still there's a tale to tell  
 Of red may's busking  
 And dawns at dusk'ing  
 And flutings of Philomel.

September's guinea  
 For Joe and Jinny  
 Is gold as a harvest sun ;  
 'Tis all for spending,  
 Giving or lending,  
 For now is the tale nigh done ;  
 Here's bread and apples,  
 While white froth dapples  
 Brown ale at the " Dog and Gun."



## A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

**THE CHEQUE FORGER.** "Well, I'll register a vow that I'll not forge another cheque for five years at least!"



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL  
 "Say 'when,' old man."

December's merry  
 For Jill and Jerry ;  
     December rivets the ring  
 With bells in steeples  
 For all good peoples,  
     And a happy finishing ;  
 And she doth tarry

Till January,  
     When thrushes begin to sing.

*So which of them  
     For you, my dear,  
 These four that gem  
     The circled year ?*

## Calendar Comfort

WORTLEBURY arrived at the office at a quarter to eleven, yawning. He lit a cigarette, glanced through "The Times," and just as the rest of us were turning our thoughts towards lunch he took off his hat and gloves and sat down at his desk. He surveyed the books and papers with disgust, picked up a pen and nibbled it, and then unhung from the wall a calendar which proclaimed January 9, 1911, and that kind hearts are more than coronets.

"What's to-day?" he asked, idly fingering the calendar.

"Tuesday—nearly Wednesday," I replied. Wortlebury turned it over in his mind. "I mean the date," he said, almost crossly. Somebody handed him a piece of paper and a pencil and remarking that yesterday was the 6th suggested that he might work out the problem, it would give him something to do to keep him quiet.

Wortlebury tore off a bunch of leaves from the calendar until he arrived at February 7. Then he started; it seemed to me that he even blanched.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, and plunging his pen deep into the ink he bent his broad shoulders to the task of writing on one of the papers on his desk.

"Behold! Wortlebury has begun the year's toil," said Pillington.

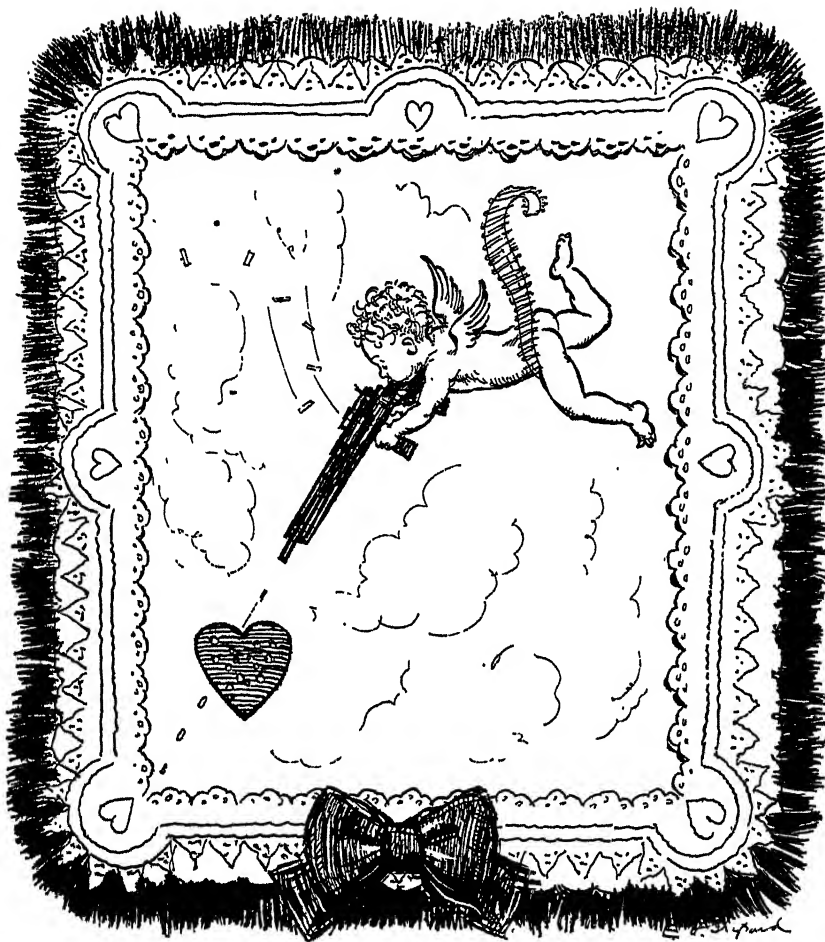
Wortlebury worked on as one possessed. Now and again he glanced timidly at the calendar, only to renew his labours with increased vigour. He waved aside suggestions for lunch. He was not yet ready, he said. He would be taking only twenty minutes. Some people, he added, appeared to be oblivious of the passing of time. Were we conscious of the fact that 37 days of the year had already passed? The precious moments were flying.



### SENTIMENTAL.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER ON VALENTINE'S DAY:—"Since last we met, a great change has come over me:

'I give you all, I can no more,  
Though poor the offering be!'  
I send you my last hair with all my heart!"



LOVE'S RACKET;  
or, The Gangster's Valentine.

He assured us that we did not live in this world for ever. Between ourselves, he informed us, the announcement on the calendar had shocked him and made him ashamed. He intended to take only fifteen minutes for his lunch—twenty at the outside.

When we returned, Wortlebury was out. He lounged in at twenty past



MAID (*finishing mistress's diary*). "Well, ain't some people unreliable? It only goes as far as February."

three, and stood in front of the fire telling us a story he had just heard in Bond Street.

"Yes, but what about the precious moments?" I asked.

"Well," replied Wortlebury, "every cloud has a silver lining and all that sort of thing, and, do you know, it quite escaped my notice until you'd gone that the calendar also says '327 days to come.' So——" He yawned twice, and began to turn the pages of a magazine, humming the while an air from "The Chocolate Soldier."



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY: GRANNY GETS ONE



"I know it's rather early in the year to start meals in the garden, Aunt Priscilla, but I hope you don't mind. Henry and I simply couldn't help it; we just felt the call of the wild."

### St. Valentine

WERE I but living in the time  
Of swords and hoops and powdered faces,

I might have turned a tuneful rhyme  
To glorify my lady's graces.

But now, alack, there's none to teach -  
Though maidens' charms still glow as brightly -

Our fathers' fathers' gallant speech  
That leapt from laughing lips so lightly.

No more our amorous swains profess  
The art their grandsires deemed a duty -

Of decking out in dainty dress  
Their distant homage paid to Beauty.

Their stately steps have been forgot,  
Together with the courtly dancers ;

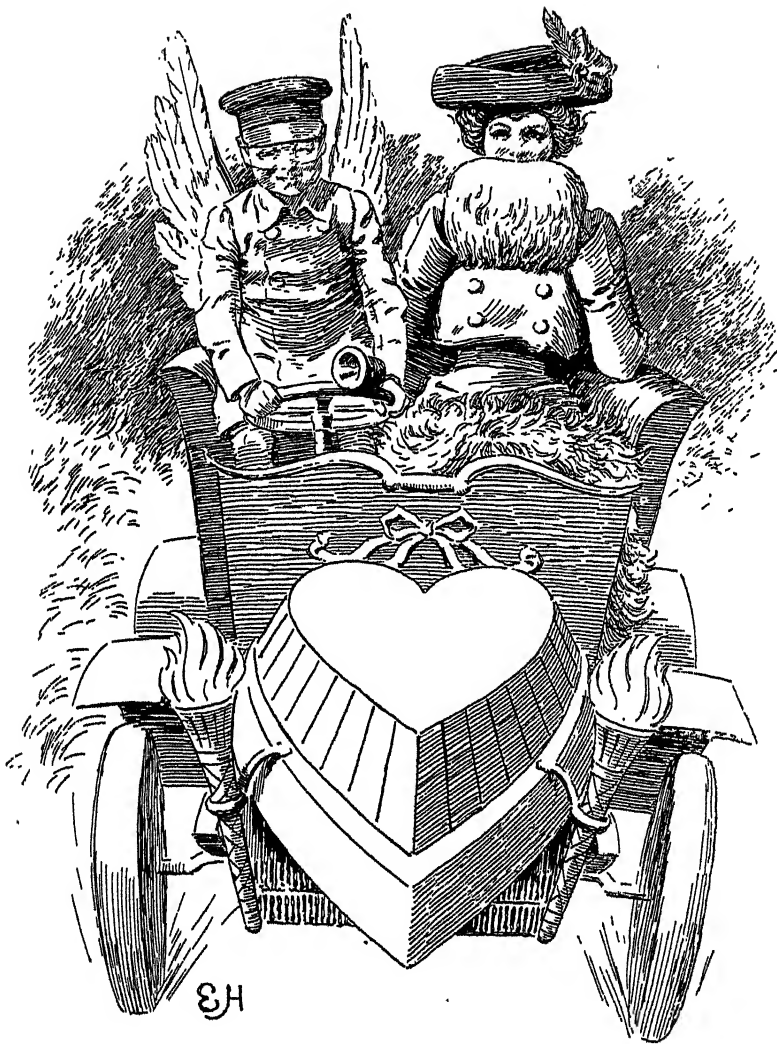
And minuet and gay gavotte  
Scarce find an echo in the lancers.

Scant courtesy too oft we hear  
Usurping, 'mid our busy hustling,  
The whisper in the little ear  
That set the painted fan a-rustling.

And yet, if polished form and phrase,  
If old-world airs are all neglected,  
One link is left with happier days,  
While Valentine is still respected.

Though for his rites but few are fain  
Whose faith was once profound and fervent,  
Believe me, lady, I remain  
Both his and your most humble servant.





CUPID THE CHAUFFEUR  
A Valentine-Day's Journey.

*(February 11, 1903)*

## A Fallen Saint

WHO is this that trudges slow,  
Furtive, through our English  
lanes,  
Worn so thin and brought so low,  
Bent with years and cramped with  
pains ;  
All his robes in tatters flying,  
Racked with tempest, chilled with dew,  
Health and hope together dying,  
None to aid him, none to rue ?

Youth, who should acclaim, forgets him  
(Youth, that once he called his own) ;  
Age, that might remember, lets him  
Wander through the land alone.

Other times and other ways !  
Once as courier he would speed,  
Bearing those dear words of praise  
Beauty's eyes delight to read ;  
Pretty maids ran forth to greet him,  
Some with blushes, some with  
smiles ;  
Stalwart lads would loud entreat him,  
" With our ladies use your wiles."

Youth, who should enfold, rejects  
him  
(Youth, that held him half divine) ;  
Age, ungrateful Age, neglects him,  
Out-at-elbows Valentine !

## The Deserted Village

NOW, an elastic Easter being done,  
The country quiet comes again,  
restored  
Since family saloons no longer run  
Seated for four and having six aboard ;  
Nor any short-clad hiker, no, not one,  
Nor any borne upon a branch-line  
train  
Samples the satisfying air, the sun ;  
All are at work again.

They left us gradually and are gone.  
Old papers lie to witness where they  
fed ;  
They ate, they drank and they had  
goings-on  
Like Wordsworth's heavens. Tins  
and bits of bread  
And stoppered bottles floated with the  
swan  
Down the slow stream whose bank sus-  
tained their feast :  
And they were happy and their faces  
shone ;  
They smiled—their faces creased.

And many a villager provided tea  
And ale was flowing at the local bars  
(But not too much, as far as I could see),  
And some went home who sang be-  
neath the stars ;  
But there were some who learned from  
thorns how free  
A country bed, how wise the hens that  
lay  
A country egg, how skilled the country  
bee.  
These too have gone away.

They came with Easter and with Easter  
went,  
If Easter means a week on either side ;  
But they, the blest, had money and they  
spent.  
The village made a bit at Eastertide,  
And needed it, however diligent.  
Now until Whitsun shall the tale  
repeat,  
It lies deserted, but it looks content  
Having made both ends meet.

VERGES



#### A FIXABLE FEAST

FATHER TIME. "Your Easter egg, Sir."

JOHN BULL. "Early again; and sometimes you're late. Why can't you always bring it at the same time?"

## A Spring Song

[A daily paper states that very few housewives will be able to indulge in the luxury of Spring-cleaning this year owing to the enormous increase in the cost of materials and labour.]

SING!

I will make me a song  
about Spring ;  
I will write with delight of the brightness  
in store ;  
I will sing of a Spring never dreamed of  
before,  
A Spring with a new and more beautiful  
meaning,  
A season of reason, a Spring without  
cleaning,  
A Spring without painters, a Spring with-  
out pain,  
A Spring that for once will not drive me  
insane.  
I lift up my voice and rejoice at this thing,  
This excellent Spring

Di

Will in all probability cry ;  
She will rave at the news and refuse with  
disgust ;  
She will say that she *must* have a thrust  
at the dust ;  
But I know what I'm saying,  
We've got to go slow ;  
We *can't* go on paying—  
Spring-cleaning must go.  
It's the knell of the mop and the doom of  
the broom ;  
We cannot afford to do even one room ;  
If she wants her own way I shall say with  
a frown,  
" It's too dear, and I fear, until prices  
come down,  
We must try and deny ourselves this  
little thing."  
Magnificent Spring !

I'm

Going to have a delectable time ;  
Though in previous years I've been  
hustled about,  
And they've driven me mad till I had to  
go out,  
Without flurry or worry this year I shall  
stay  
And know just where to look for my  
book ev'ry day ;  
It's the finest of schemes ;  
It's a blessing, a miracle ;  
Spring of my dreams,  
I can't *help* growing lyrical  
Over this quite unbelievable thing—  
Glorious Spring !

This

Is a song of unqualified bliss ;  
I have never sung quite such a song in my  
life ;  
I have nothing but jeers for the tears of  
my wife ;  
She may moan, she may groan, she may  
weep and grow wild,  
But the Spring shall remain undisturbed,  
undefiled,  
Spring with a new and more beautiful  
meaning,  
Spring as it ought to be, Spring without  
cleaning ;  
Halcyon days !  
Oh, let us raise  
Shouts of thanksgiving and pæans of  
praise.  
Join nie, O men. Round the world let it  
ring—  
*Exquisite* Spring !

(March 31, 1920)



"SPRIG-TIME"



#### SPRING CLEANING

"I shouldn't keep this, Mum, if I was you; it's only a 'arbinger of dust."

#### Now in Season

WHAT would our English spring-time be without rhubarb? Yet rhubarb is surely one of Nature's blunders.

Here we have a product of the vegetable kingdom whose purpose was for long ages entirely unknown, and is even to-day, in my opinion, more than doubtful.

Its foliage does not afford shelter for the birds of the air, and fashion has denied it any place in the bouquets of the bride and the *prima donna*. Though I know full well that the caterpillar, when driven by stress of hunger, will eat almost any rubbish, I have yet to learn that it is really fond of rhubarb.

On an evil day a certain thinker—a greengrocer he must have been—pondered over this purposeless plant, reflected upon its defects and deficiencies and came to the conclusion that it must have been created for human food.

Thus it comes about that a commodity so utterly without value as to be hardly worth a boy's while to steal, figures upon our tables at this season of the year.

Sometimes pink, sometimes red, but more often green, it lurks among our

custard and secretes itself beneath the pastry of our pies. Not being a scheduled poison, it is freely sold without production of a doctor's prescription.

Less edible than many substances which are definitely ruled out from our category of comestibles, it is excluded from the two main classes of plant-food. Only an untutored rhubarbarian would call it a fruit, and to term it a vegetable would be an insult to the humblest radish.

Rhubarb—and still more frequently “Rhubarb again”—shatters the happiness of many a home. To expect hot jam-roll as the sweet for dinner on a chilly April evening, and to be served with cold stewed rhubarb, embitters the life and even ruins the morals of many a householder.

And the sad thing is that the greengrocer finds mischief still for this idle useless plant to do.



#### WARDING OFF THE SPRING FROSTS

HELPMATE. "I've brought your pyjamas for the asparagus bed, Jack."



BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES; OR, THE PROMISE OF SPRING

### Thoughts on a Nice Day in March

I Fall the nice days of a thousand Springs  
Were rolled up into one, that could  
not be  
A nicer day than this : the throstle sings,  
The man who sold me papers said to me  
(Echoing my own swift thought),  
" Nice day," said he.

He did not tell me that the day was hot,  
He did not tell me that the day was  
warm,  
A man well used, through standing in one  
spot,  
To judge the ways of days in heat and  
in storm ;  
" Nice " was the word he used to  
estimate its form.

And rightly—for so temperate is the  
breeze  
That I dare swear there is an undersong  
Of life amid the staid suburban trees,

And in bare boughs the sap is stirring  
strong  
Where yesternoon I walked and found  
out nothing wrong.

I doubt if we shall get a day like this  
So nice, so unexceptionally fair  
That Zephyr and Aurora seemed to  
kiss,  
And happy, happy, as if buoyed on air  
(Which, sooth to say, it is), my bus  
bowls round the square,

Till Lord knows when. Ah, days ! red-  
letter days  
When falls not snow, nor any hail, nor  
ice,  
Nor fat men suffer from the sun's hot  
rays !  
Days that the heart of England stamps  
as nice,



How few ye be! How excellent beyond  
all price!

There must be primroses in certain lanes,  
And see the yellow crocus, rank on  
rank !

Old gentlemen who ride on District trains  
Hum as they seek their places, and I  
thank

My stars I still possess a balance at the  
bank

But those who, drawn towards the lively  
South,

Have left their country in the lurch,  
have fled

To where the ginger is more hot in the mouth

And the blue lake before their eyes is  
spread,

Hoping to make a bit, no doubt, on  
black or red—

They have not seen this day of perfect balm.

That comes not to the gilded orange-  
grove,

The cork, the eucalyptus and the palm :

On the high downs to-day 'twere well  
to rove.

And dine, when evening falls, at some  
good place in Hove.

Yes, it's a nice day this, it's beautiful—

A day that prompts me as the sweet  
hours run

To buy silk underwear and leave off  
wool:

Will there be more such days when  
March is done

And the wild Budget bursts? Not one, I say, not one.

EV0E



Scale of importance showing the position of Jones in his household during the great Spring upheaval.

## The Song of the Oar

THIS is the song of the racing oar ;  
I heard it once on the Putney  
shore ;  
And a March wind caught it and  
blew it on,  
While eight oars sang it in unison :—  
Out of the water clean and gay ;  
Rattle your lively hands away !  
Steady your swing, for there's work  
to do ;  
Reach, and grip it, and drive it  
through !

I'm the spruce, the lissom spruce, with  
the leather round my waist ;  
Am I rounded, grooved and buttoned, am  
I balanced to your taste ?  
When I gave my wood rejoicing to be  
fashioned on your plan,  
Did they carve me as the emblem of the  
'courage of a man ?  
Yea, they made me strong and eager for  
the glory of the fight,  
And they picked me out a master who  
should use my gifts aright.

And he grasped me, and to-  
gether  
We exulted in the feather,  
And we drove the light ship leaping,  
though the wind was blowing  
strong,  
Drove her leaping through the lipper,  
while we kept the rowing long.

So we rattled up the reaches—we were  
bound to do our best—  
And I heard his pulses throbbing as he  
pressed me to his chest ;  
And his breath was coming faster,  
though he gripped me in his pride,  
And his spirit never faltered, but he  
forced me through the tide.  
It was joy to do him service ; it was joy  
to feel the yoke  
Of the hands he kept about me while he  
nerved me for the stroke.

Oh, we cleft the waves and  
cleared them,  
For we never never feared  
them :  
Pain and toil could never break us or  
could make our hearts afraid  
While the curling, swirling bubbles  
glanced and shivered from my  
blade.

So this is the song of the racing oar :  
I heard it once on the Putney shore ;  
And a March wind caught it and  
blew it on,  
While eight oars sang it in unison :—  
Out of the water clean and gay ;  
Rattle your lively hands away !  
Steady your swing, for there's work  
to do ;  
Reach, and grip it, and drive it  
through.

R. C. L.



"If you're so fond of the goldfish, Ruby, why don't you come down and help me to look for them?"

## April Antidotes

I N the nonage of the year,  
When anemones appear,  
And the buffets of the breeze are soft as  
silk,

When each sparrow spars and  
heckles,  
I begin to think of freckles,  
And of bi-chloride of mercury and milk.

When the silver slanting shower  
Hangs the almond-blossom bower  
With a fringe of diamond dew and crystal  
link,

When the azure brooklet dimples  
I begin to think of pimples,  
And of benzoin and precipitated zinc.

When the mellow sunset hue  
Paints the features of the view,  
And incarnadines a fleet of baby ducks ;

When the mavis trills harmonies  
I begin to think of tonics,  
Of cascarrilla, phosphorus and nux.

When beneath the feathered breast  
Lie the treasures of the nest,  
When the sap begins to turn the birches  
red ;

When the lambs grow energetic  
I apply a new cosmetic,  
Made of potash, camphor, glycerine and  
lead.

Then I care not if it snows,  
I've a powder for the nose,  
And a veil of chiffon warranted to cling ;  
While my armour on I buckle,  
I acknowledge with a chuckle  
I'm hermetically sealed against the  
Spring.

## In London

N OW upon the window sills  
There are yellow daffodils,  
There's tulip and there's hyacinth each  
tasteful box adorning ;  
And our street, at times old-maidy,  
Looks a gaily gowned young lady,  
So dainty and so *débutante* all on an  
April morning !

Blue-and-white is all the sky,  
And the clouds are driving high  
(Around each windy corner how the  
whistling gusts go shrilly !)  
And the square is full of cooing,  
For the wood-pigeons are wooing,  
And there's sunshine on the pavement  
all the way to Piccadilly !

See the sparrows wag their tails  
On the newly painted rails,  
Or they flutter at their nesting very fussy,  
very faddy,

And there's taxi-cabs a-humming,  
And there's fifeing and there's drum-  
ming  
When the Guards go by to barracks to  
the bouncing " Hielan' Laddie ! "

On the plane-tree's budding bough  
There's the thrush who tells us how  
He has found in spite of stucco that the  
city sap is springing,  
Tells us how to note the blisses  
Of a morning such as this is,  
And how April means adventure, and  
how youth must go a-flinging !

And he tells us that it is  
Just the day for Odysseys,  
That high magic waits the rover who'll  
put on his hat and risk it ;  
So to celebrate the season  
It were surely no unreason  
If we took the 'bus to Regent's Park and  
gave the squirrels biscuit !



CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND? YES

CUPID (as Call-boy). "Get on with it, Miss Primavera, or you'll miss your turn altogether."

(May 18, 1932)

## The Nature-Lover Considers the Spring

THE tomtit has got him a new white collar  
And bright is the blue of the wild-duck's wing,  
And James (the neighbouring rooster)'s holler  
Shatters my rest with a sharper ring,  
An unmistakable sign of Spring.

The skylark pours his celestial ditty ;  
The lambkins frisk on the sward in pairs,  
Heedless of one who, pent in the City,  
Records the antics of bulls and bears  
For a whey-faced vendor of stocks and shares.

The warbler feeds in the swinging sedge her  
Handful of hairless but hungry chicks  
*She* doesn't have to write in a ledger,  
While the clock in the office ticks and ticks,  
From nine in the morning to half-past six.

Oh, who, when the Kentish Glory is flying  
And starry anemones strew the glade,  
Would not be out on the hills or plying  
On lake or river an idle blade,  
Or, over the flats where the waders wade,

Aim his binocular's harmless barrel  
At cream-coloured courser and avocet,  
And the bearded tit in his Spring apparel,  
And home return when the sun is set  
With a heart as light as his feet are wet ?

Where Epping stretches her limbs I know a  
Weed-haunted pool where a microscope man  
Can hunt for polyps and hydrozoa  
And the mystical entomostracan,  
And carry them home in a gauze-topped can.

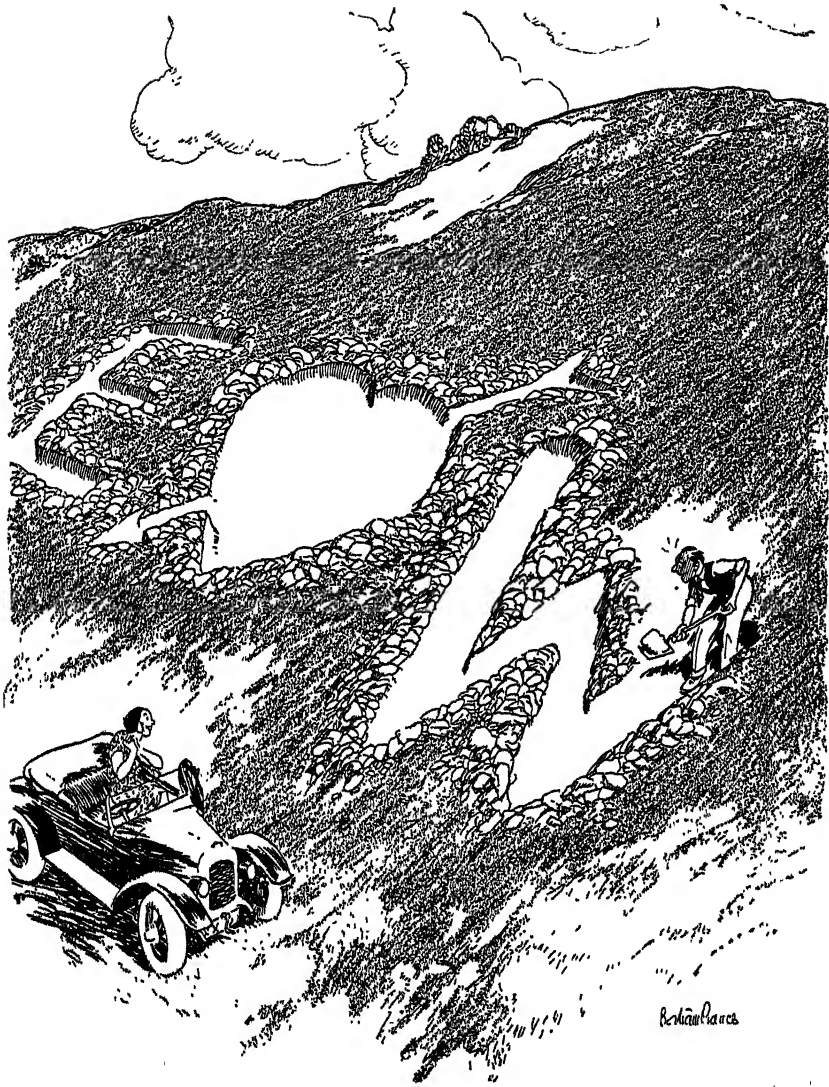
And down in Sussex are brave oak spinneys  
Where the nightjar hides her twins in the fern  
And the furze-chat shouts from the flowery whin his  
Wholly uncalled-for but grave concern,  
And the dormouse wakes with the sun's return.

For now is the season when all things waken  
And life flows on in a glad green rout,  
And even the pig who will soon be bacon  
Snuffs the breeze with impatient snout  
And presses the farmer to let him out.

Only man is condemned to labour ;  
And here I sit mid ledger and file  
While Spring advances with pipe and tabor,  
And only bosses exhibit bile  
When clerks go sick for a little while.

But there, it isn't much use repining,  
And the clock's face registers half-past one ;  
So I'll to the Park where the sun is shining  
And snatch a moment of blameless fun  
Feeding the ducks with a penny bun.

ALGOL



THE ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER

## Spring-Time

A BITTER gust of wind and a squall of rain drove me to take the first shelter I could find.

The calendar called it May.

"Phenomenial the strides this wireless has been making," said the man leaning against the bar; "simply phenomenal."

I agreed.

"I bin taking a walk to-day among the birds an' the trees, same as I always do spring-time when I get a few hours off. And p'r'aps you wouldn't hardly guess where?"

"Kew," I hazarded.

I sometimes look at a morning-paper which attempts to legislate for the processes of Nature in Kew Gardens, however reluctant the Spring, and I judged that this man was probably a newspaper reader.

"Next Sunday," announces my journal, "will be *Pyrus japonica* day at Kew," or "Next week will be Gromwell week in Kew Gardens."



HUSBAND (*shipwrecked on desert island, to wife*). "Well, my dear, without being in any way unpatriotic, we are escaping from an English Spring!"





SHE (*quoting*). "'Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings!'"  
 HE. "I say, I reckon you ought to write poetry."

And I imagine that they might do the same thing for the birds as for the flowers :—

"Next Sunday will be Dartford Warbler day at Kew."

Or even more dictatorially :—

"BIRD-SONG PROGRAMME.—Kew Gardens. . . (Next Monday onwards) The White-throat."

But no, it was not Kew Gardens.

"Epping Forest," I suggested.

"No, none of them places. Sahf Kensington."

"South Kensington?"

"Nach'ral Hist'ry Museum."

"But you can go there," I objected, "at any time of the year."

"Could do," he admitted. "But I only goes there spring-time meself. You see I was brought up in the country when I was a boy, but I'm a proper Londoner now. I don't hold with slopping about in the wet, messing your boots up and all that—'rabbit' buses and suchlike. But I was a rare one for bird's-nesting when I was a kid, an' I can't keep away from the birds in Sahf Kensington when Spring comes. And it isn't only birds an' eggs, if



SPRING IN THE DENTAL THEATRE  
DENTIST. "She loves me—she loves me not—she loves me——"



"In the Spring a young man's fancy——"

you understand me. It's all the bits of trees and that they put along with 'em. Gorse and the may flowering, and kingcups and beech-leaves and all them kind o' things. Does you good to look at, according to my idear."

"They *are* done very well," I conceded.

"And all those nests hid away in the middle of 'em, as natural as life."

"You can see the same thing on the cinema, of course, nowadays," I pointed out, "and you get the advantage of the movement there."

"Ah, but you don't get no colour in them," he rejoined, shaking his head, "and no sooner there but what they're gone again."

"There's always that difficulty," I could not help remarking, "about a bird."

"Not at Sahf Kensington," said the votary. "Believe me or believe me not, if you were to put me down in the country now, and I was to see the birds flying about from tree to tree like, I wouldn't hardly know one from the other. But you put a bird from Sahf Kensington front of me, and I'll lay you I know that bird's name as well as my own. Now you wouldn't think to look at me, meeting me just casual like, that I was the kind of man as could tell you what a phalleyrope was?"

Want of practice in applying this particular criterion caused me to hesitate for a moment.



SPRING-TIME IN THE OFFICE



THE DAWN OF SPRING IN OUR SUBURB  
Study of two romantic natures rising superior to their environment.

"Nor a dotterel nor a grasshopper warbler," he went on earnestly. "Nor a nettle-creeper; nor a twite."

I examined him more closely.

"No," I said, "I don't believe I should."

"You can't stump me on those birds," he cried triumphantly. "Warblers and finches and buntings and plovers and lapwings—I know the whole lot."

"And the eggs as well?"

"Ah, now you're asking!" he said. "I wouldn't say I could swear to them every time. And there's too many of those young birds in the nests at Sahf Kensington. I don't see much sense in stuffing a lot o' young birds with no feathers on. I'd sooner have only eggs, I would."

"You don't keep any birds at home, do you?" I asked. "In cages, I mean."

"Nah what's the use of keeping a bird in a cage? I like to see them on their nests, I do, sitting about in bushes like and coming out of holes of trees."

"You were saying something just now," I reminded him, "about wireless. Where does that come in?"



"The oak's out before the ash, Percy—that means it's going to be a thirsty summer."

"Well, it's only an idear of mine," he said; "but you've seen in the papers maybe about them broadcasting the nightingale?"

"I believe I have," I said.

"Well, what's to prevent them getting records like of all these birds and broadcasting them?"

"At South Kensington?" I asked.

"Yes, in the Museum. Make it a bit livelier like if you could hear the beggars as well as see 'em. Wouldn't it now? You could pretty near fancy you was walking out in the woods, then, Spring-time."

"A bit noisy indoors," I ventured. "There'd be gulls and starlings and jays and green woodpeckers, you know."

"Cheerful," he said, "according to my idear. I thought of writing to them about it sometimes, but I didn't hardly like to. And they might put some seats in as well. Like in the Park, you know, or Kensington Gardens. Anybody'd pay a bit to come in then, and be glad to."

"It's not a bad notion," I admitted. "I'm sure you'd come, anyhow."

"Pretty near any day, I should," he said, "Spring-time."



## The Calendar

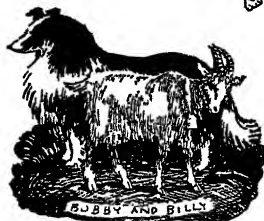
I KNEW when Spring was come—  
Not by the murmurous hum  
Of bees in the willow-trees,  
Or frills  
Of daffodils,  
Or the scent of the breeze ;  
But because there were whips and  
tops  
By the jars of lollipops  
In the two little village shops.



I knew when Summer breathed—  
Not by the flowers that wreathed  
The sedge by the water's edge,  
Or gold  
Of the wold,  
Or white and rose of the hedge ;  
But because, in a wooden box  
In the window at Mrs. Mock's,  
There were white-winged shuttle-  
cocks.

I knew when Autumn came—  
Not by the crimson flame  
Of leaves that lapped the eaves,  
Or mist  
In amethyst  
And opal-tinted weaves ;  
But because there were alley-taws  
(Punctual as hips and haws)  
On the counter at Mrs. Shaw's.

I knew when Winter swirled—  
Not by the whitened world,  
Or silver skeins in the lanes,  
Or frost  
That embossed  
Its patterns on window-panes ;  
But because there were transfer-  
sheets  
By the bottles of spice and sweets  
In the shops in two little streets.





### THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

CHORUS OF STARTLED INHABITANTS. "Look out, boys—here comes the first wave!"

### Maxims of the Months

(Composed during a Spring snowstorm)

FROM January's start to close  
It rains or hails or slets or snows.

For atmospherical vagaries  
The palm perhaps is February's.

To say March exits like a lamb  
Is Falsehood's very grandest slam.

April may smile in Patagonia,  
But here it always breeds pneumonia.

May, alternating sun and blizzard,  
Plays havoc with the stoutest gizzard.

No part of England is immune  
From frost and thunder-storms in June.

Only the suicide lays by  
His thickest hose throughout July.

August, in spite of dog-days' heat,  
For floods is very hard to beat.

The equinoctial gales, remember,  
Are at their worst in mid-September.

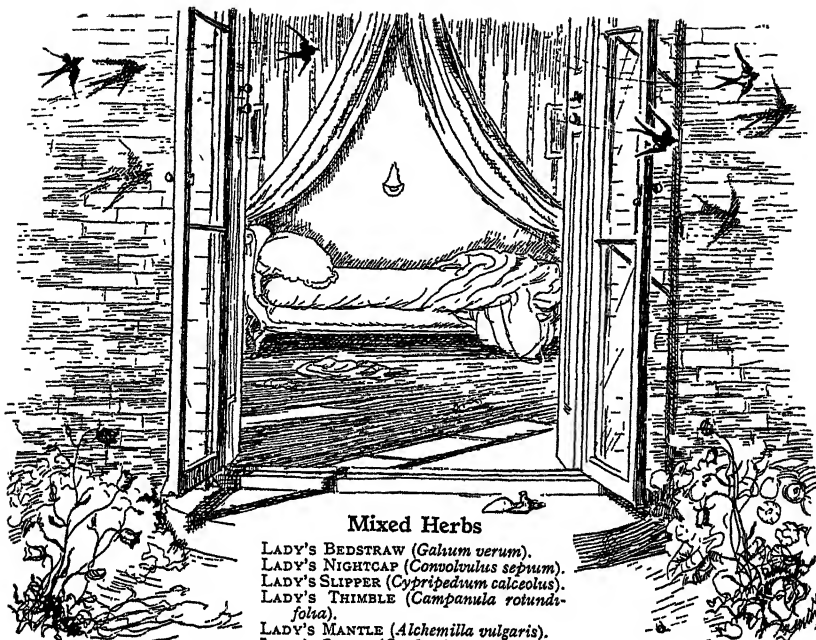
Old folk, however hale and sober,  
Die very freely in October.

November with its clammy fogs  
The bronchial region chokes and clogs.

December, with its dearth of sun,  
For sheer discomfort takes the bun.

(April 11, 1917)





### Mixed Herbs

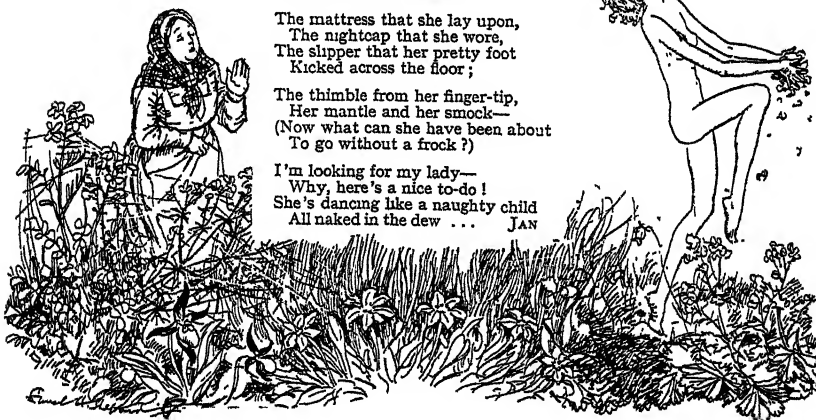
LADY'S BEDSTRAW (*Galium verum*).  
 LADY'S NIGHTCAP (*Convolvulus sepium*).  
 LADY'S SLIPPER (*Cypripedium calceolus*).  
 LADY'S THIMBLE (*Campanula rotundifolia*).  
 LADY'S MANTLE (*Alchemilla vulgaris*).  
 LADY'S SMOCK (*Cardamine pratensis*).  
 NAKED LADY (*Colechicum autumnale*).

I'm looking for my lady,  
 But all that I can find  
 Is here a thing and there a thing  
 That she has left behind :

The mattress that she lay upon,  
 The nightcap that she wore,  
 The slipper that her pretty foot  
 Kicked across the floor ;

The thimble from her finger-tip,  
 Her mantle and her smock—  
 (Now what can she have been about  
 To go without a frock ?)

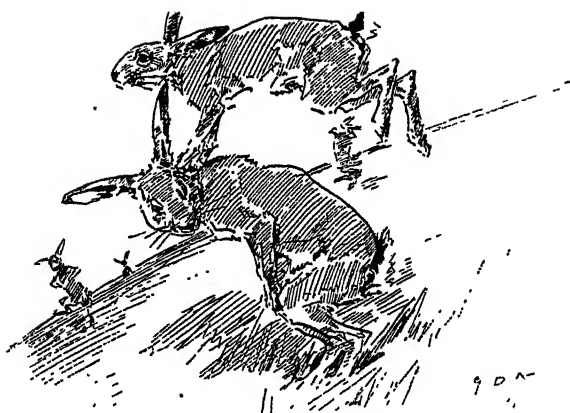
I'm looking for my lady—  
 Why, here's a nice to-do !  
 She's dancing like a naughty child  
 All naked in the dew . . . JAN





THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

Opening of the Rockery Season in our Garden Suburb.



What makes the March hare so mad?  
Joy! because hare-hunting finished February 27.

### To a March Hare

THE wind's in the east,  
But there's green on the larch,  
And a fairy-tale beast  
On the upland's wide arch  
That gallops and gallops, light pacing,  
At chasing  
Of Magic, clean Magic of March.

Pied peewits swoop down  
With a wing-swish and cry,  
Pale primroses crown  
The cold banks we pass by ;  
And you, you're Spring's own just as  
truly  
And newly,  
Red runner, beneath her shrill sky.

Yes, beast of old tales  
And of fairy romance,  
'Mid the high piping gales  
And the dust-spirals' dance,  
You join, over upland and valley,  
Her rally,  
In sunshine and singing expanse.

Are you witch, are you fay,  
That so strangely you fling  
Through the cloud-shadows' play  
And the colours of Spring ?  
Or just a great jack, this gay morning  
Sense scorning,  
By old Father Pan shown a thing ?

Oh, howe'er it may be,  
The keen sunshine has shone,  
And the road's running free  
And the Winter has gone,  
When others than you follow dances  
And fancies,  
To music that pipes the foot on.

For there's blue with the east  
And a fringe on the larch,  
And a daft fairy beast  
On the cornland's green arch,  
That gallops and gallops a-cock of  
And mock of  
The broomstick, the broomstick of March,  
Of March—  
The mad-running broomstick of March.



DINER. "This is pretty tough for a Spring chicken."  
 WAITER. "Well, Sir, you know we've had a pretty  
 tough Spring."

### Rus in Urbe

'TIS Spring-time! From the alley  
 dark,  
 Where sunshine never enters, hark!  
 That hapless prisoner, the lark,  
 Pours forth his sweet wild carol;  
 A maddening thought within him stirs  
 Of hill-tops where the windmill whirs,  
 And breezy downs of golden furze  
 In April's brave apparel.

So, too, through windows dim and  
 dun,  
 The prisoned clerk beholds the sun  
 That plays about in frolic fun  
 On inkpot, desk and ledger;

Feels the fresh warmth and longs to  
 see  
 Green field, blue sky and budding  
 tree,  
 And thinks that it were bliss to be  
 A ploughman or a hedger.

He hastens home at evening, bent  
 On garden joys, his shillings spent  
 On seeds and seedlings, well content  
 To follow father Adam;  
 And thus, all office cares forgot,  
 With careful spade and water-pot,  
 He delves the small suburban plot  
 Of brick and bare macadam.



"Anyway, Harold, it's a jolly good thing I persuaded you to buy those spats."

"Here, here," thinks he, "the Marshal  
Niel

Her orange glory shall reveal ;  
A crimson rambler here shall steal,  
And here shall bloom tea-roses :  
Upon this porch, now black with grime,  
Shall sweetest honeysuckle climb  
To mingle fragrance with the thyme  
When evening softly closes."

But what does sweet returning Spring  
The poor imprisoned songster bring ?  
A turf whereon to beat the wing  
He may no longer fly on ;  
While he whose fancy sees a blaze  
Of blossom after many days  
Will smile if haply he can raise  
A dingy dandelion.

## Tree-Talk

THEY are at it again, those three. They stand quite a long way off on the other side of the garden, but when there is a south wind, as there is to-night, it blows their voices right across the lawn and in at my bedroom window. As usual, their conversation begins in the friendliest of tones.

"My dear," says the first, "I see you've got your new spring outfit at last. How delightful it looks!" Her voice is firm, deep and rather loud.

"It is nice, isn't it?" says the second in a smoother softer voice. "I never believe in going into spring clothes too early. They get dowdy-looking quite soon enough."

"Some do," says the first; "but of course I always believe in using really good material. I've had mine a week or more now."

"So I noticed," says the second. "Oh, well, that's all right and proper and as it should be. They say it means a finer summer when you get yours before mine.

Ash before oak,  
In for a soak;  
Oak before ash,  
Only a splash.

I heard Them quoting that only the other day when They were walking past."

At this point the third voice joins in, high, silvery and tinkling.

"Of course I'm always told," it says, "that I look every bit as nice with nothing on."

"Betula," says the first voice sharply, "just because you happen to have a silver complexion there is no need to be a minx. When you're as old as I am——"

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" says Betula, laughing. "I'd sooner die young. A fat middle-aged dryad is a dreadful sight, I always think. I never can see, Querkie, why you oaks should be so proud of yourselves. After all, mere long-livingness isn't a virtue."

"You forget," says the first voice with dignity, "that we are the strongest of all trees, the most useful to man, the most famous in history and mythology——"

"May I remind you," puts in the second, "that *Yggdrasil* was an ash-tree?"

"I am not talking of Scandinavia; I am talking of England. The oak is the national symbol."

"And why, pray?" asks the second.

"Why, because all the great sailing-ships, which gave England her supremacy, were built of oak."

"Exactly," says the second triumphantly. "And now that wooden ships are out of date, what tree is being planted all over the country instead of the oak? Why, the ash, of course—because it is used for building aeroplanes. You're a back-number, my dear, that's what you are. Before very long I



YOUNG LADY (*for the third time*). "Have you heard the cuckoo this year?"

shall be the national symbol and somebody will be writing a song called 'Hearts of Ash.'

"Don't get waxy, Fraxy," says Betula in her childish treble. "I'm the only one of us three that's really got news-value. Why, haven't you heard of my latest triumph?"

"No," the other two admit with grudging curiosity.

"I," says Betula, "have been specially invited to help in the campaign against motoring accidents. They are planting clumps of silver birch opposite all the side-turnings on the new by-pass roads, so that if any cars are approaching the main road their headlights will be reflected in my white bark. If that isn't keeping abreast of modern affairs I don't know what is. But of course,"

she adds politely, "it's not your fault that neither of you were chosen for that particular job. After all, *everybody* can't have a silver complexion. . . ."

The wind, which has been growing steadily, rises to a shriek. I can hear nothing more.



CLUB NOTE  
The Rival "Blues."

The morning after I wrote this I looked out of my window, and what I saw sent me hurrying across the lawn in my dressing-gown. The oak and the ash were still standing, their young foliage exquisitely green after the storm. Between them, prone, lay the birch-tree, her lovely silver body gleaming among the wet fern, the delicate network of her boughs ravelled and broken.

I looked up sternly at the oak and ash; it seemed to me that they were fluttering their new spring dresses a little too innocently in the breeze.

JAN





HUSBAND. "My dear, these seeds you've ordered won't flower until the second summer."

- WIFE. "Oh, that's quite all right. This is a last year's catalogue."



EPICUREAN. "Ah, you little realise how these April showers bring on the peas."

### The Inglorious First

I HAD just opened the morning paper in order to assure myself that England was still on her last artificial leg when my wife said with disconcerting suddenness:—

"George, *did* you remember to post those two letters I gave you yesterday?"

Although my grasp upon the paper involuntarily tightened, it did not tighten enough to cause a crumple; I kept the paper spread flatly before my face—the married man's sure shield against self-betrayal.

"Of course, dear," I said, brazenly bland.

In my breast-pocket two envelopes, addressed in my wife's indifferent handwriting, rustled and rubbed themselves together in agitated protest. I seemed to hear them mutter, "Liar, liar, liar!"

My wife released what is called a dry sob.

"Oh," she cried, her voice skirting the fringe of panic—"oh, are you *sure*? Are you *quite* sure, George?"

"Of course, dear," I said, brazenly bland, behind the sure shield.

My wife's sob became drier and drier.

"Then," she announced with the dreadful calmness of despair, "I am ruined."

I smiled behind the sure shield. As I had not posted the letters my wife's announcement did not disturb me unduly.

"Dear, dear!" I murmured "That sounds bad. What've you done?"

"I have put my letter to Pauline in Jessie's envelope and Jessie's in Pauline's. And in each letter I said the cleverest most unkind thing about the other—in strict confidence, of course. They are both my dearest friends. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I, *shall* I do?"

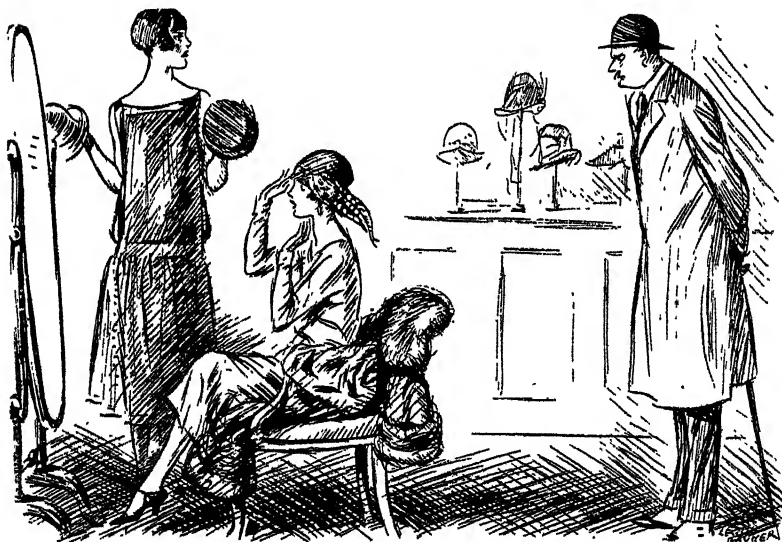
She burst into tears. At any rate she buried her face in her hands and wiggled her shoulders about in the moving-picture manner. I mean, she *registered* tears.

I put down the paper. "Come, come," I said suavely, "things may not be so bad as you deserve. I dare say everything'll turn out all right."

"How can it?" she demanded. "Neither Pauline nor Jessie will ever speak to me again. Oh, if *only* you hadn't posted those letters!"

Within my pocket the two beastly culprits writhed in torment. I patted them soothingly; then I went to my wife and patted her.

"There, there," I consoled her, "don't worry. I have, of course, posted



MILLINER. "Of course the hat that Modom is now trying on is absolutely the hat of the moment."

DISTRESSING HUSBAND. "What! Pheasants in April?"

(April 15, 1925)



THE HARBINGER CLUB

Membership confined to persons who have been first with the news of the arrival of the cuckoo in their respective districts.

the letters—I recall the event with extraordinary clarity—but—but something tells me that you are—er—wrong in your surmise of having blundered. Something tells me——”

“What sort of a something?”

“A—a peculiar sort of a something—rather uncanny, difficult to explain; but it tells me that you put Pauline’s letter into Pauline’s envelope and Jessie’s into Jessie’s. Now then, doesn’t that cheer you up?”

My wife gazed piteously at me. She seemed to be struggling to believe but afraid to do so—the typical wifely attitude. I patted her again.

“But,” she hesitated, “what makes you think that?”

I frowned; not crossly but intellectually.

“What is it tells us these things? Intuition? A sixth sense? You know how queer and sensitive I am. You remember, surely, how once I dreamed the name of the Derby winner?”

“Yes, but—but that was after the race was over.”

“True. And that other occasion when I received the impression that a short dark man was going to stay with us all winter, and the plumber came in the very next day to look for the leak? Well, this feeling I’ve got about those two letters of yours is the same sort of thing. It’s a strange inner conviction. I think I should not be exaggerating if I said that I *know* those two letters were posted in their right envelopes.”

My wife gave me a wan smile.

" Well," she sighed, " I must go and hurry up your breakfast. ' Men must work and women must weep.' "

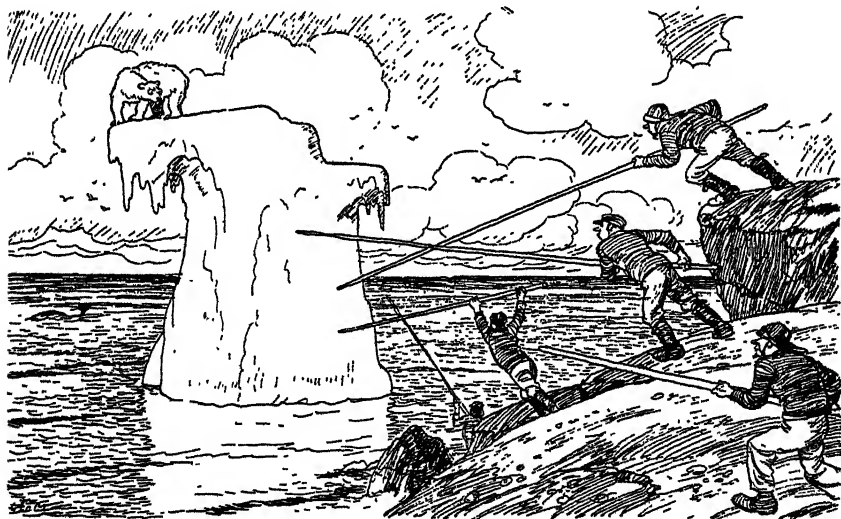
My wife's retirement from the room and the withdrawal of the two abominable envelopes from my pocket occurred almost simultaneously. To the happily married man my intention must be crystal clear. It was my purpose to prise open the envelopes, adjust the contents, and post the letters immediately I left the house. The prong of a fork and a little hot, well-directed breathing did the trick. The letters lay before me. Across each sheet was written, in my wife's indifferent handwriting :—

" APRIL FOOL, GEORGE."

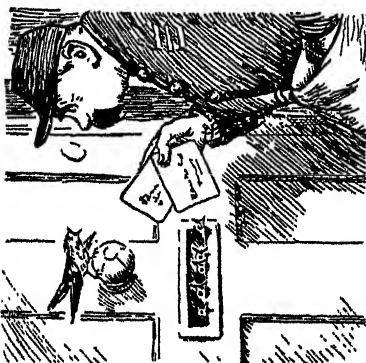
Laugh ? Did I laugh ? *Did* I ? It didn't sound to *me* like a laugh. I heard her quick step approaching across the parquet (linoleum) hall. And then I really *did* laugh. I dashed behind the door. She must be punished ; my wife must be punished for her crude sense of humour. She hates to be boo'd at suddenly. It makes her come over all funny. I intended to boo at her suddenly ; it was my intention that she should come over all funny. Crudity should be met by crudity. The door opened. I sprang forth.

" Boo ! " I cried.

Our general servant emitted a piercing shriek, dropped the breakfast tray, collapsed upon the poached eggs and gave notice.



METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE ACTIVITIES  
Staving off a cold snap on the Cornish Coast.



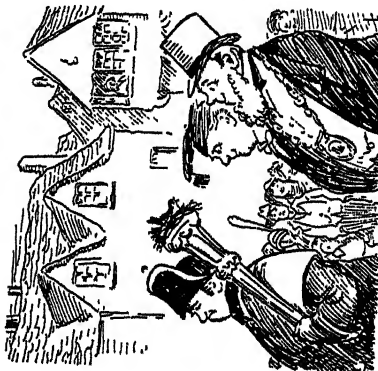
All the most



obvious



places



for nesting



being occupied,



a late nester has had to fall back on an old-fashioned tree. Excitement in the newspaper world!



HOSTESS. "Where are you going for Easter?"

VISITOR "We're not quite sure yet. Where are all the best people going?"

### A Pastoral

THE weather (in the past  
Emphatically bitter)  
Seems to have changed at last.  
The birds begin to twitter.

The rivers, decked with sedge,  
In lavish streams are flowing.  
On every side the veg-  
-Etables, too, are growing.

The young man's fancy turns  
In almost all directions ;  
Promiscuously burns  
The lamp of his affections.

Approaches now the close  
Of Rugby and of " Socker " ;  
The football jersey goes  
Back to its native locker.

To make rough meadows flat  
The cricketer is toiling ;

He scans his favourite bat,  
In case the thing wants oiling.

The bard begins to tear  
His hyacinthine tresses,  
Or polishes with care  
Last year's returned M.S.S.

The farmer once again—  
I learn from one who knows it—  
Takes quantities of grain,  
And walks about and sows it.

Dear friends, who hear my song,  
Of brain decay acquit me.  
That explanation's wrong—  
I'll make it clear. Permit me.

The reason why I sing,  
The point at which I'm driving,  
Is simply this : that Spring  
Is rapidly arriving.

## Lines

On the Lost Splendours of Eighteenth-Century Verse, more especially in its  
Method of dealing with the Season of Spring

IN April when, I think, the buds unfold  
And Spring reanimates the frosty  
mould,  
I envy poets of an elder day  
Who scarcely knew the blackthorn from  
the may,  
But sang their songs in so refined a way  
That when with oaten pipe in hand they  
stood  
It seemed they must be doing something  
good,  
And no one asked of them to render clear  
The actual process of the vernal year.

But now I walk amid the painted grove  
And other places where a bard may rove  
Acutely conscious that the grass is pied  
With things that have been long identi-  
fied,  
Demanding from the poet's sense of  
shame  
Precise description and appropriate name.  
The woods are simply full of bits of stuff  
That every child has heard of. This is  
tough.  
Mark how the feathered tribe resume  
their lays  
In various tones of modulated praise,  
But not discreetly as they did before  
We mugged up all this beastly nature  
lore ;  
One has to know each member of the  
corps.  
Exactitude has reared its awful head,  
Vagueness despairs and Phantasy lies  
dead.  
Thrice happy they for whom the ena-  
melled field  
A constant wealth of madrigals would  
yield  
Without minute insistence upon what  
Enamelling had been employed, or not,  
Who deemed it immaterial if the shine  
Was due to cowslip or to celandine,

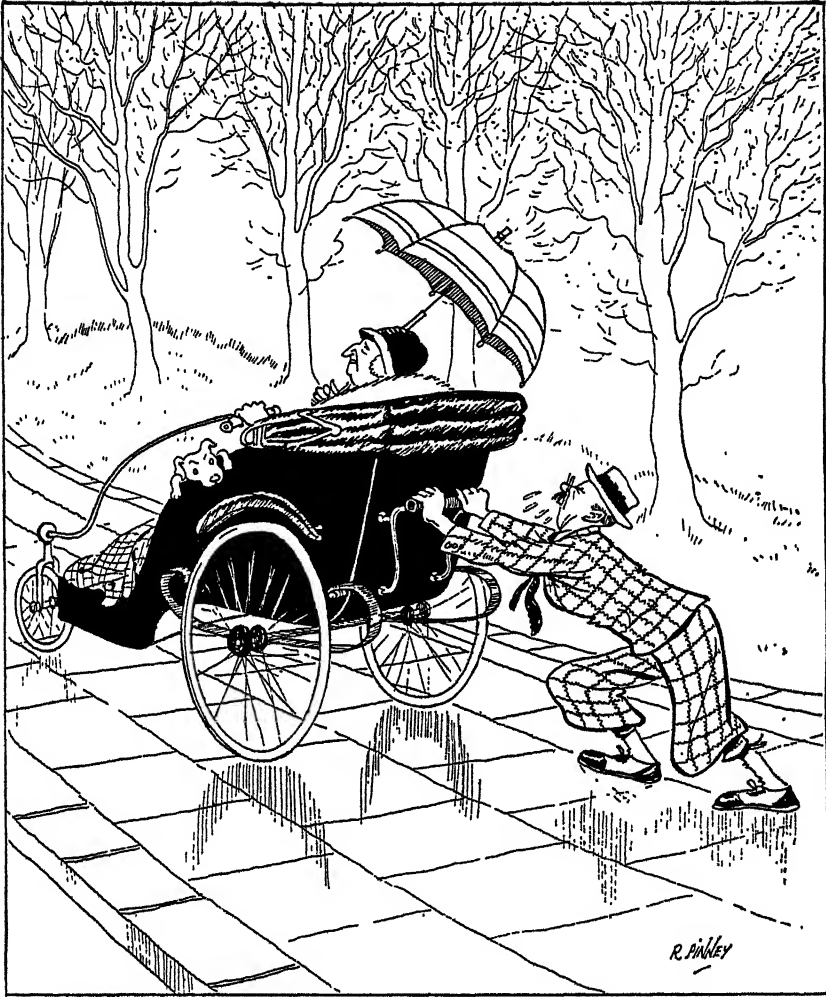
For whom the siskin was a name un-  
known,  
His migratory ways they left alone,  
The chiff-chaff and the twite they bade  
conspire  
Amongst the unenumerated quire,  
Nor asked what roots the labouring  
farmer strewed  
To fend starvation from his woolly brood.  
The nameless verdure of the bosky dell  
Enshrouding nothing much save Philomel  
O'erhung the fountain where the finny  
kind  
Swam all incognito and undefined,  
Or else, deluded by the angler's lure,  
Gleamed on the mossy marge, yet stayed  
obscure.

Ill, all the day when birds and trees and  
flowers  
Forsook the decent shade, the rural  
bowers  
To be the type of thing that now they are,  
Made known in each remote particular.  
The smiling campaign and the shaggy  
hill  
Renounce their modesty and leave me  
chill ;  
The fruitful vale has almost ceased to be  
Through popular encyclopædiæ ;  
There is no circumstance about the lark  
That is not commonplace in Finsbury  
Park ;  
I cannot see the ploughshare lift the sod  
Without ejaculating " Ichabod !"  
In tones that make the rounded welkin  
ring.

But ah, how nice it must have been to  
sing  
When no one knew the facts about the  
Spring !

EVOE





WIFE. "Oh, how I envy your health and strength on a lovely day like this, Henry."



PROFITEER HOST. "I'm afraid we'll have to drink the fizz out of port glasses."

PROFITEER GUEST. "Oh, we don't mind roughin' it; we're all sportsmen, I take it."

### Bluebells

THE Call of the Wild came to me about two weeks ago.

"We will go to Barley Wood," I said, "and gather handfuls of wild bluebells there."

"All right," they said; "you get the car."

"No, no, no!" I said. "Be fair-minded. I thought of the idea; you ought to get the car."

For the car lives at a garage more than three hundred yards away.

However in the end I went.

It was a wonderfully sweet and sunny afternoon. About a hundred yards down the road on the right I noticed the hinder part of James Fothergill. His head was buried in the open bonnet of his powerful Nevill 14.

"Hullo!" I said.

He resumed the upright position and turned round. There was a slight smear of lubricating oil on his left cheek.



THAT CROCUS FEELING



"Come on, 'Enery, it's fine. Off wiv yer clo's."  
 "'Yus, an' get 'em stole!"

"Going for a spin?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "the Lure of the Open came to me this morning, and I thought we would take a run out to Barley Wood and gather some wild bluebells there."

"Splendid!" I told him. "Quite possibly we shall meet."

About two hundred yards down the road on the right I noticed the powerful Rossetti 11.9 of William Smith. It was making a loud roaring noise, and William Smith was seated inside at the wheel.

"Hullo!" I shouted. "Going out for a run?"

"Yes," he shouted back. "Spring seemed to cry aloud to us all this morning, and we decided to obey her call."

"Ah, the *Wanderlust*," I said, shaking my finger at him. "Where do you think of going to?"

"Barley Wood," he said; "to gather wild bluebells there."

"Perhaps we shall foregather," I murmured, and went on.

I found the garage proprietor meditatively chewing a straw. He used to keep horses long ago, and tries to keep in touch as far as possible with his old life. The garage was very empty indeed.

"Almost everybody seems to have gone for a spin," I said as we started her up.

"Yes, Sir," he replied. "It's the Spell of the Open Spaces, most like, as the newspapers say."

"I suppose it must be," I said chugging out.

## The Cuckoo



In April Come he will



In May he sings all day



In June he changes his tune



In August go he must.



THE SALES EPIDEMIC  
Our Hairdresser falls into line.

At the point where our road touches it, one can see the great main road running like a ribbon (or streak) for nearly two miles. One can see it, that is to say, in winter or on wet afternoons. On this particular afternoon one could not see it running like anything at all. It was completely obliterated by small cars, the owners of which had heard the Call of the Wild, and were being lured by it to Barley Wood. Those who had already been lured were coming back again, carrying their bluebells with them.

Merely regarded as a colour scheme, the effect was peculiar enough, for every outgoing car showed a red triangle behind, indicating the presence of four-wheel brakes, and every incoming car carried a beautiful sapphire blaze which betokened the Shout of Spring. Barley Wood, in fact, appeared to be coming to Kensington.

We merged ourselves in the creeping tide. It went considerably faster than a human walk, but rather slower than a human run. This was owing to the fact that, about fourteen miles ahead, a portion of the road had been taken up, which created a bottle-neck. No car overtook any other car, for there was no space where this could be done.

It was not certain, of course, that every outgoing car was going out to Barley Wood. It was merely probable. Somewhere in the solemn procession

at 8 m.p.h. there may have been a dark man eloping with somebody else's golden-haired wife, followed at a few cars' interval by the furious husband foaming at the wheel. Somewhere there may have been a man wanted for murder or for a theft of jewellery, fleeing from justice and hunted further down the line by the stern-faced minions of the law. It did not matter much. There was no possibility that the culprits would be caught for the next fifteen or twenty miles, at any rate. And certainly a great part of the travellers was going to Barley Wood. One could tell it by the set of their shoulders. The spring was in their blood.

Even eternity comes to an end.

I ran my boiled car on to the trampled turf, and a rough-looking man came forward to speak to me.

"Who are you?" I said.

"I'm the Keeper of the Wild," he said (or words to that effect). "You can't park your car here. You must take it right up to the end of the row."

Very meekly I crawled on.

We got out and entered the wood. It consists in the main of deciduous, but in some parts of coniferous, trees. We were just about to disport ourselves, laughing and holla-ing wildly in answer to the holla of Spring, when a man like a game-keeper appeared and touched his cap.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.



VICAR'S WIFE. "There! I *knew* it would be wet—simply because I arranged to have my garden-party to-day."

VICAR (*embarrassed, but constrained to supply a more satisfactory reason*). "Well, my dear, you know we had the prayer for rain on Sunday week."

"I am the Warder of the Open," he said. At least, I think that is what he said. "You can't go walking about all over here anyhow, you know. If you want bluebells you must take your place in the queue."

He pointed out to us the path in which those who were being lured by the Open had lined up in single file. It was a most impressive ceremony. Nothing was really lacking, save Community Song. A little way ahead of us we could see the Fothergills and the Smiths.

Suddenly a cuckoo called.

"Did you hear the cuckoo call?" said Mrs. Smith to her husband.

"Yes," he said.

Further ahead in the line I could hear Mr. Fothergill ask Mrs. Fothergill whether she had heard the cuckoo. She replied that she had.

The cuckoo called again.

"Cuckoo!" cried one of the young Fothergills.

"Tuttoo!" squeaked the youngest of the Smiths.

"Cuckoo!" said the cuckoo again. "Cuckoo!"

There were still some bluebells left, and we filled our hands and filed out along another path to the parking ground.

"Pity we have to get back so soon," I said to Mrs. Smith as we butted out together into the home-going stream.



· ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR SCIENCE

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on"

[With the assistance of ultra-violet ray-projectors brides are now able to command happiness even on the dullest days.]





BETTY. "Mummy, what would happen to me if I swallowed a crab?"

MOTHER. "Something dreadful, darling. It would probably kill you."

BETTY. "Well, it hasn't."

"Yes," she answered, changing gear loudly with a regretful sigh, "I should have liked to stay out communing with Nature for another hour or two; but of course there is the children's bedtime to think of."

The Keeper of the Wild came trotting up after me in sore distress. "You forgot your shilling, Sir," he said.

I apologised and paid him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Have a nice run, Sir?" inquired the garage proprietor when I returned. He was still chewing his straw.

"Excellent," I said. "I'm afraid I've boiled her up a bit, though."

"Ah," he said, "I expect they've most of them done that this afternoon."

"Wonderful spin," I cried to Fothergill as I came back down the road. "Get plenty of bluebells?"

"Yes," he answered, "quite a lot. Did you hear the cuckoo?"

"Quite plainly," I replied.

"So did we," he said.

Smith was peering into the engine of his powerful Rossetti 11.9, but I did not stop to talk to him. I was feeling the Call of Civilisation again.

EVOE

## Spring

THE trees were in their winter dress,  
The fields were in their winter mess;  
The cattle huddled in the byres,  
The cottars stoked each other's fires;  
The Parson at the parish meeting  
Said, "Seven-and-six this week for  
heating,"  
When, with a new-learn't madrigal,  
Tripping beside the hedgerows, all  
At once  
Came Spring.

She took the turn by Hobson's Lane,  
Through the woods and out again;  
She danced along the bending reeds,  
She skipped across old Dibden's swedes,  
She called the sheep, she called the cows,  
The buds came breaking from the boughs,  
The flowers looked up, the birds looked  
out,  
They shouted one collective shout,  
"Hul-lo!  
Here's Spring!"

She splashed her way across the rill,  
She danced a tango by the mill,  
She kissed her hand to Farmer Jolly,  
Put out her tongue at Whining Molly;  
She climbed across the eight-foot wall  
Into the grounds of Bigwig Hall;

The hunting Squire let out a yell;  
"Be off with you!" he shouted. "Hell  
To you!"  
Said Spring.

Up through the village street she walked,  
And all the people stopped and talked,  
And said "Good day!" and "How are  
you?"  
And "Come and see me soon—now do!"  
And Martha Binns paid Mary Flack  
Sixpence she'd borrowed four months  
back,  
And Gaffer Giles woke up and said,  
"Well, now, I'll eat my blinkin' 'ead  
If tha-a-at  
Bain't Spring!"

And Binks, my dog, began to prance  
And dance a kind of Russian dance;  
The frightened sheep said, "Please don't  
do it!"

But Binks replied, "It isn't you; it  
's merely  
Spring!"

While Parson, chanting the Litany  
To all the folk on bended knee,  
Heard the young resilient tread,  
And lost his place and, dreaming, said,  
"Good Lord,  
Here's Spring!"

## A Sign of Spring

THE little lad, the little lass,  
The whip, the top, the rope—  
They come before the daffodil  
Shines golden on a London sill,  
A pledge of undefeated will  
And undecaying hope.

The lad that whips his top amain,  
That lass that skims the twine—  
The flashing arm, the leaping feet  
Make frescoes on the London street  
More lovely than a lot you'll meet  
In May "above the line."

The barrel-organ's hard to find,  
The dancing bear is gone;  
But thank the stars that in our day  
We've 'Erb and Emily at play  
From Hammersmith to Haringay,  
From Barnes to Islington.

Oh, roller-skates may be a boon  
(If only you've a pair!),  
But lads that have a top and whip  
And lasses with a rope to skip  
Will always show a laughing lip  
Along the thoroughfare.



#### THE END OF THE SEASON

REYNARD (*sol*). "There is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure."—"The Merchant of Venice."

## A Day in the Country

NEPHEW BOB, do you sometimes wonder,  
Tuning your car up, how in thunder,  
Ere Time revolved on a crankshaft bearing,  
People managed to go for an airing ?  
How, in days when the flag preceded  
The traction-engine, legally speeded  
Three miles an hour on tarless gravel,  
How the dickens did anyone travel ?

Well, if you've time, perpend the story  
How we went on a jaunt of glory,  
Gay young dogs, in delightful weather,  
I and your Uncle James together.

We started out so fresh and early ;  
The day-star winked and the dew lay pearly.  
Mushrooms and blackberries took us straying  
By Cockshut Shaw where the cubs were playing.

By 8 A.M. we had swopped our pillage  
For ham and eggs in Coddington village;  
And when we came to the " Crown and Anchor "  
We chartered a chestnut mare, a spanker  
(She'd won the Oaks with a deuce of a weight on),  
Who spun us along in an old mailphaeton.

And when we stopped at the " Coach and Horses "

We judged it was time to recruit our forces ;

So there in the parlour, trimly sanded,  
With Phyllis to wait on us, most neat-handed,

We lunched on Southdown mutton and oysters,

With Clos Vougeot from its cobwebbed cloisters.

Then, after a game in the bowling-alley  
The carrier tooled us down the valley.

At the " Pike and Eel " at Barson Ferry  
We borrowed a rod and a trim-built wherry ;

I threw a kiss to the miller's daughter,  
I threw a fly on the poppling water,  
I hooked a trout as broad as a flounder,  
The old historical sixteen-pounder,  
Who, as his play grew rasher and rasher,  
Capsized us over the top of the lasher ;  
And as we breasted the raging billows  
We flushed a Naiad under the willows. . .

I'm quite alive to your hinted stricture,  
I *may* have slightly enhanced the picture;  
The point is this : you could never compass,

With your tarmac roads and your engine's rumpus,  
Not in your dreams, the tints we laid on.

Ours was the stuff that dreams are made on.



Two inveterate newspaper letter-writers simultaneously hear the first cuckoo.

## Beauty this Season

TO many and many a girl there is a cloud of uncertain colour looming in the fair heaven of the approaching Season. Her finger-nails. Shall they be scarlet, like her sports-car, or pink, like the mayonnaise on which she will be fed, or just left the tame hue of nature? At present they are mostly being bitten in an agony of indecision.

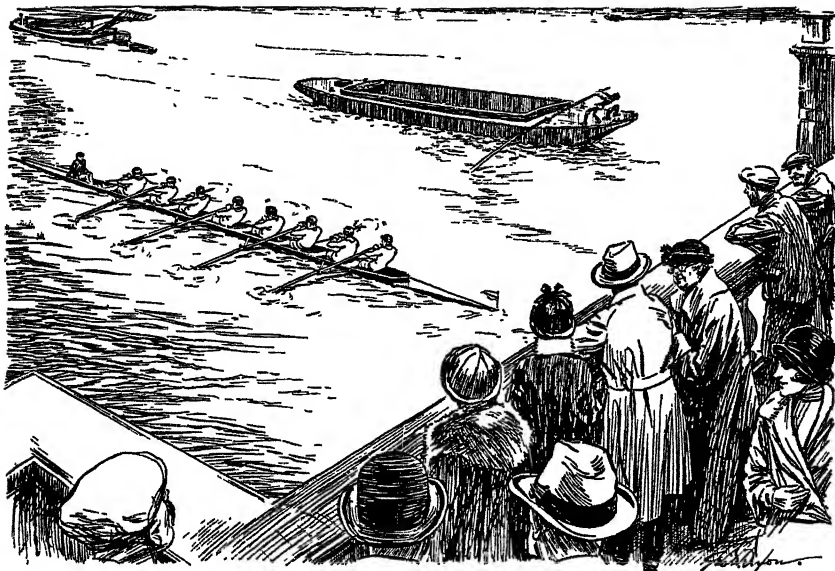
A more timely moment could not therefore have been chosen for the edicts of the Annual Mid-West Beauty Show, held in Chicago, which should have world-wide repercussions. They make delicious reading that should gladden the heart of every girl.

Broadly speaking, this is to be a richly mineral year for nails. It is to be good-bye to the old raw-meat range. Gold and platinum and pearl, say the pundits of Chicago, for evening wear, to match the flapjack and the slippers; but they extend their sanction also to most of the metals and nearly all the precious stones. A girl can hardly go wrong if she makes out a list of subterranean deposits, other than the more effervescent salts and those in her local bank, and selects her colour with the jab of a pin.

I have read through the list with great care, and my advice to a girl lacking in imagination or mineralogical knowledge is to spend a morning



COACH (on cycle). "Hang you, Cox! you'll be into the bank. Why can't you look where you're going?"



CHIVALROUS OLD LADY (*watching Boat-race practice*). "Well, if that's what you call a boat-race, John, I think it's distinctly unfair."

before a jeweller's or ironmonger's window and let what she sees seep slowly into her mind. Her choice of tint will be easily translated into a pot of polish at any decent beauty-parlour, and can then be gracefully and publicly applied.

In honour of America's new-found freedom the wine colours are also to be allowed. But in this sphere a girl should not act rashly without first threshing the matter out with her father or a reputable wine-merchant, for nothing could be socially more hampering to a *débutante* than to have her nails crying Grocer's Port.

So far so good. All this comes as a huge relief to those on whom the mere accident of sex has imposed these inevitable responsibilities, and also to the horde of romantic poets of the Season, who can now get ahead with verses beginning

My Julia comes with chromiumed claw ;

or

O little thumb, whose every glint  
Proclaims the treasures of the Mint.

But many of us would have liked the assembled beauticians of Chicago to have gone much further while they were about it.



#### OUR VANDALS IN THE COUNTRY

"Are there any bluebells left, Flossie—or shall we be gettin' 'ome?"

There is, for instance, the disquieting rumour going round the parlours that before the Season is out posies of wild-flowers tattooed on the tip of the nose will be all the rage.

Then there is the whisper, in some circles unhushed, that voluminous aluminium eyebrows of modern cut are to be the next thing, screwed firmly into the forehead. And there has been much talk, I understand, of the æsthetic advantages of tying the ears into neat rolls for evening wear, as one would with bacon or unwanted linoleum. The notion that the tip of the tongue presents an admirable field either for dye or for a plantation of precious stones is also very prevalent. And the resuscitation of the sandal opens up the whole question of what to do with the toe-nails.

These and kindred problems demand speedy solution if our girls are to have any real peace of mind. Would it not be in the spirit of the times to hold a World Conference of Beauticians and come to some permanent conclusions?

ERIC

(April 26, 1933)





SOME LOVELY MUSHROOMS

ONE OR TWO FIRCONES  
FOR FIRELIGHTERS



*Ernest H. Shepard*

JUST A FEW FERNS



SOME OF THIS HEAVENLY  
SILVER SAND (FOR THE  
CARNATIONS, YOU KNOW)



AND



OH, JACK, WHAT PERFECTLY SWEET  
LEAF MOULD!

# THE THRIFTY BRIDE

(Mr. Punch's Almanack, 1911)

## Maiden Street

ON delicate feet, on delicate feet,  
The Spring has come to Maiden  
Street,

With wicker-baskets full of squills  
And shilling pots of daffodils ;  
The staid policemen watch her go  
Through Paddington and Pimlico,  
And where the scarlet buses run  
She makes her way to Kensington ;  
She twirls and hops and skips and flies  
Through Putney Vale and Kensal Rise,  
But here she checks her riotous feet  
In eighteenth-century Maiden Street.

No one lives who now recalls  
The Maiden Street of routs and balls,  
When ladies prized for tea and scandal  
Nankin cups without a handle ;  
When the dips a radiance shed  
On petticoat-tails and ginger-bread ;  
When Number Five and Number Ten  
Were owned by military gentlemen,  
Whose devilry and bold address  
Were seized upon with eagerness  
By this adorable, indiscreet,  
Pert old maid of a Maiden Street.

Dead and gone are the things called new  
In seventeen hundred and ninety-two ;  
Beaver hats and pattens and smalls  
Are only seen at Charity Balls ;  
Strephon (in spurs) will call no more  
On Chloe (in lutestring) at Number Four ;  
And who would wait for a coach-and-pair  
When twopenny tubes go everywhere?

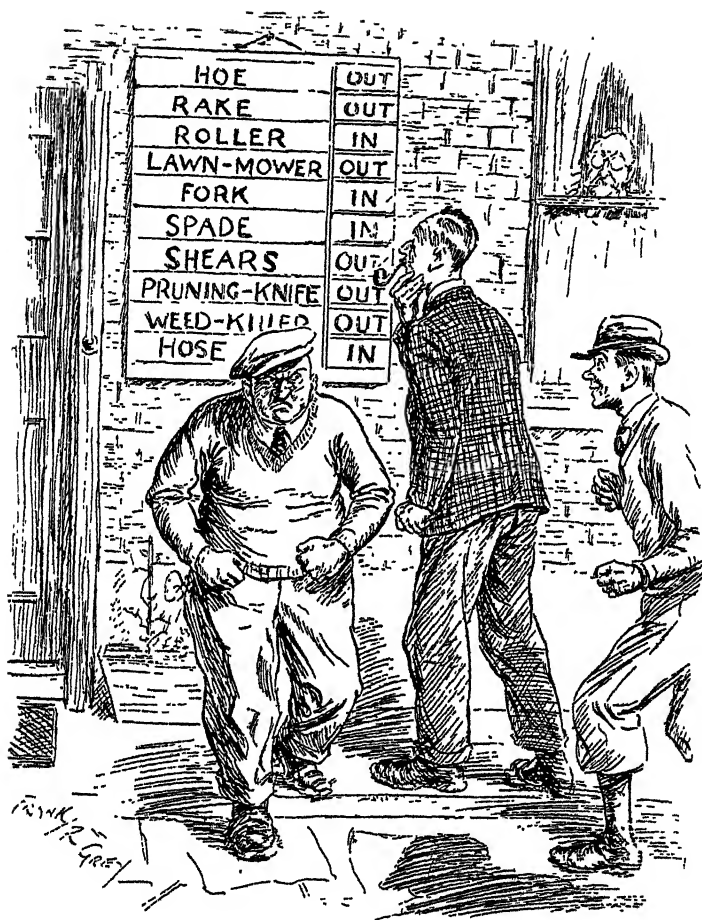
Only vacuum-men and bakers,  
Sweeps and swindlers and undertakers  
March on metropolitan feet  
Across the cobbles of Maiden Street.

Now a cinema called The Splendid  
Stands on the fields where London ended ;  
Now there are sales of hats and dresses  
Where countrypeople grew water-cresses,  
Where Mayden Meadows lay beyond  
And dilhes swam on Mayden pond,  
And away to the east, in the morning  
early,

Sounded the City's hurly-burly.  
Garages, stations, flats and mews  
Obscure these " rustickal rural views "  
Which once spread out their bounty  
sweet  
For each top-window in Maiden Street.

No one remembers, no one knows ;  
Older and older London grows ;  
Wiser and wiser people say,  
" Half these streets should be cleared  
away " ;  
But Spring comes back and the world  
grows kindly ;  
Maiden Street has her hands out blindly  
Asking for baskets of flax-blue squills  
And shilling bundles of daffodils,  
And, lingering sweet in her mind's  
recesses,  
A man with a barrow of water-cresses.

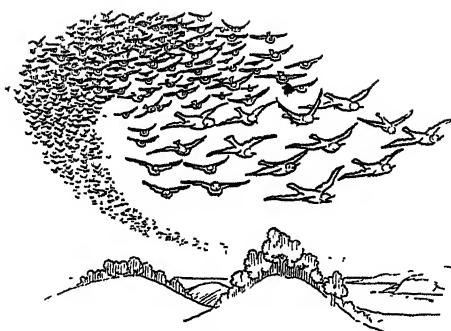
On delicate feet, on delicate feet,  
The Spring comes back into Maiden  
Street.



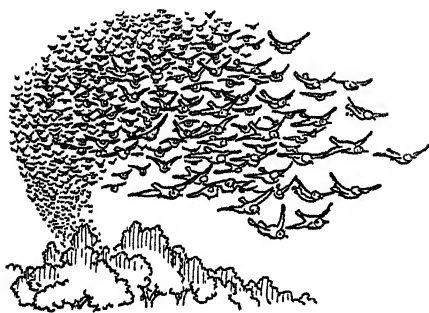
Mr. Jones of "Mon Repos" hits on a time-saving plan for the convenience of his gardening neighbours.



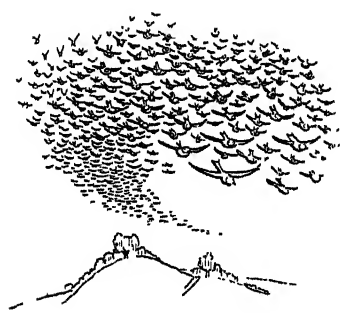
We often wonder—



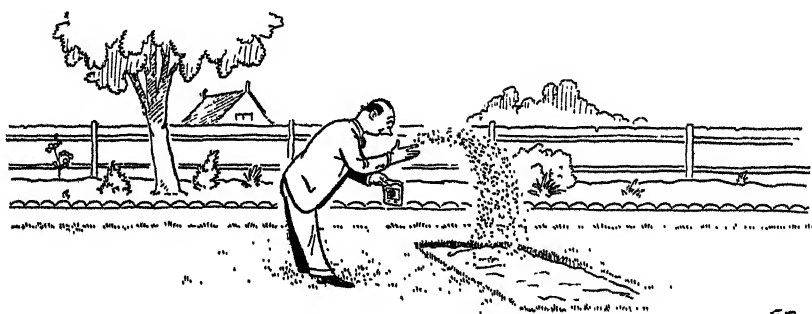
What it is—



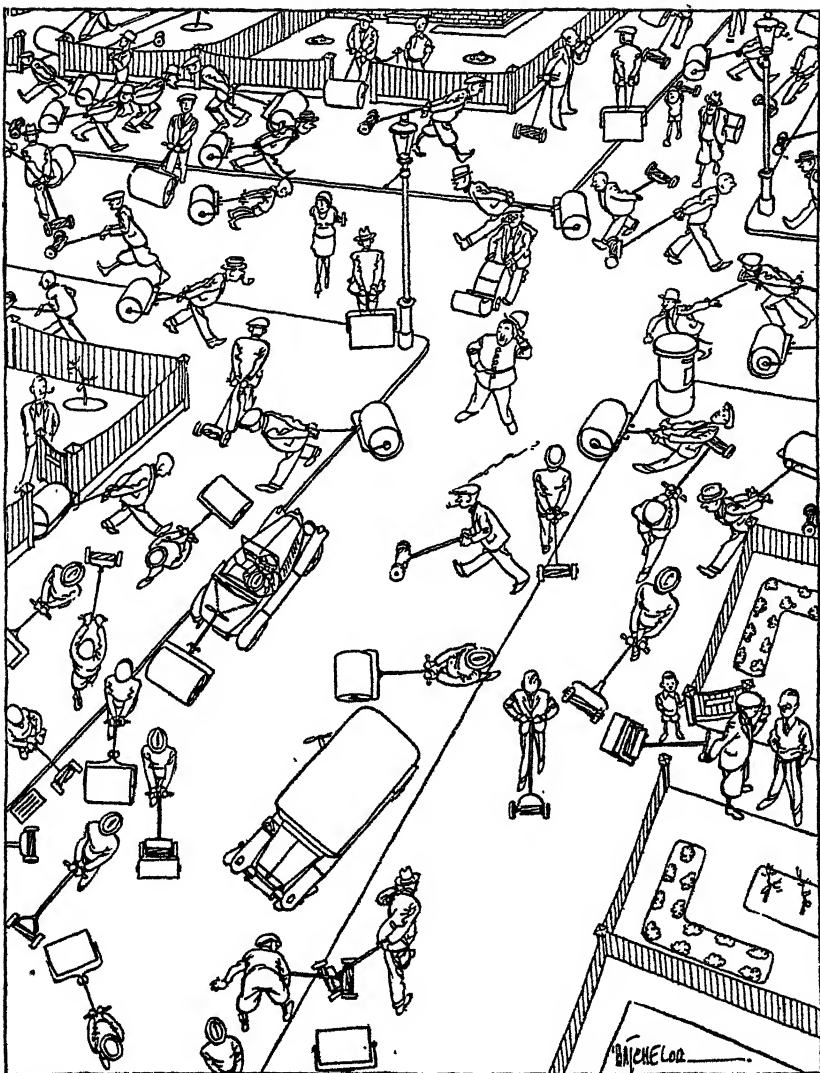
That causes the migration each year—



Of birds—



To England.



What the borrowing season in the suburbs must look like if our humorists are correct.

## A Prayer to May

NOT for the bluebell carpet spread  
 Under the blossom-roof,  
 Not for the cowslip's sake, I dread,  
 Not in the birds' behoof  
 I ask you, May—be gentle, ma'am ;  
 Sorry of course I always am  
 When rough winds spoil the un-  
   weaned jam,  
 And the rathe swallow, almost dead,  
 Cries that the Spring was spoof.

Tears for the bloom of peach and plum,  
 Tears for the forest floor,  
 Tears may be ours for songsters dumb,  
 But, oh ! far more, far more  
   For "nuts" that feel the force  
     unkind  
   Of wintry days—for nuts whose rind  
   Gleams with a gloss for Spring  
     designed,  
 Suits that could drown a rolling drum  
 And vests that shriek and roar.

There is a young man up our road,  
 And who can say what vats  
 Empurpled his attire, what woad  
 The neck-wear that he pats ?  
   For weeks he has gone up to town  
   Tilting a straw hat on his crown,  
   His face already slightly brown,  
 He keeps a sort of "you-be-blown"  
 Languor and two white spats.

And yet a month or more ago  
 He was a worm, an ort ;  
 Shabby the garb he used to don,  
 Dusty his tile, his port  
   Showed nothing of the man he is,  
   Forth bursting from his chrysalis,  
   A study in life's harmonies ;—  
 His comrades sometimes call him John,  
 And sometimes "good old sport."

But oh ! if sudden storms of rain  
 Should make him doff that vest,  
 If darkling he should fare again  
 To the tube-station, dressed  
   In his old bowler and worn suit,  
   That were a sorrow more acute  
   Than all the spoiling of the fruit,  
 More poignant than the swallow's pain  
 His agony confessed.

Therefore I ask your mercy, May :  
 From all dark morns and dim  
 Spare us, except just once, we'll say  
 (Pardon a poet's whim),—  
   Just once the kind of day one loathes  
   And let John wear his cast-off  
     clothes  
   And hurry shamefaced, full of oaths,  
 Tube-wards, and let me pass that way  
 And smile one smile on him.

EVOE

## Shingle Song

BESIDE my open lattice  
 I brush my shingle now,  
 For white as suds the cherry-buds  
   Are foaming on the bough ;  
 The cowslips make a golden ring,

The bees are everywhere ;  
 I brush my shingle hard and sing  
 How everything comes out in  
   Spring—  
 Even hair.



SPRING IN THE BANK



#### OUR GARDEN PARTIES (JUNE 1923)

CONSIDERATE HOSTESS. "My dear, won't you have a little hot soup before facing the homeward journey?"

#### Weather Lore

"WET day," remarked the barber. It was. Vexing, too, the first day of my holidays. All the more as I had chosen the place scientifically, after consulting every available meteorological record, as the driest spot in Great Britain.

"Perhaps it will clear about midday," I rejoined sanguinely.

"Very likely," agreed the barber. "We have a saying down here :—

Between the hours of twelve and two  
We shall see what the day will do."

It was still pouring after lunch.

"Wet day," said the hotel porter as I looked despondently through the glass doors.

"It is," I replied. "But perhaps it may clear later."

"Quite likely," answered the porter. "There is an old saying in these parts :—

Between the hours of one and three  
We shall see what the day will be."



At three the rain was still coming down. I went out.

"Wet day," was the pier-master's greeting.

"Rather," I said. "But it might clear later."

"As like as not," he replied. "The folk hereabouts have an old saying:—

Between the hours of two and four  
We shall see if it clear or pour."

At dinner the deluge was unabated. A newcomer shared my table.

"Been like this all day?" he asked.

"All day."

"Perhaps it will stop before bedtime," he said.

"More than likely," I answered. "There is an old rhymed saying current in these parts——"

"Ah! This old weather lore interests me immensely."

"It runs," I said, "like this:—

Between the hours of nine and nine  
We shall see if it's wet or fine."



AN ECHO OF THE HEAT-WAVE (JUNE 1922)

ARDENT COUÏST. "Quite cool, quite cool. Cool as blazes, cool as blazes."



"I was wondering if you would be good enough to put me in touch with the particular department which deals with the sale of old disused railway carriages for conversion into week-end bungalows?"

## Strawberries

QUEENLILY June with a rose in her hair  
 Moves to her prime with a languorous air;  
 What in her kingdom's most comely?  
 By far  
 Strawberries, strawberries, strawberries  
 are!  
*Strawberries fresh, heaven-begot—  
 What were the Summer without 'em, ah!  
 what?*

Cool as the morning they come from their  
 beds,  
 Splendidest scarlets and dewiest reds;

Cherry and nectarine, apricot, peach,  
 Mentioned with strawberries! out upon  
 each!

*Strawberries ripe—Pharaohs deceased,  
 Say, set they ever such seal on a feast?*

Gods of old Greece had ambrosia for food;  
 Nectar divine for their table was brewed;  
 Here with the Midsummer, sweet with  
 the sun,

Have we ambrosia and nectar in one;—  
*Strawberries—ah! yet we believe  
 Apples were chosen for tempting poor  
 Eve!*



### JUNE REVELS

VISITOR. "Say, bo, I'm fer dancin'. Where do I casst a clout?"

## Rhymes of my Garden

### The Strawberry

THE strawberry's a stately plant,  
Deny it if you can. You can't.  
Well may its leaves be proudly set  
Upon the ducal coronet,  
An honour which beyond dispute  
Belongs to England's foremost fruit ;  
No other berry could support  
So great a dignity at Court.  
The goose, the logan and the cran  
Intrigue, perchance, the common man ;  
The mul, the dew, the bil, the whortle  
May serve your ordinary mortal ;  
But, frankly, they would ill adorn  
The temples of the nobly born.

Myself I aim to cultivate  
My strawberries in fitting state,  
To tend them with respectful awe  
And give them heaps and heaps of straw,

Sprinkling them briskly day by day  
With dope to scare foul slugs away.  
Stout nets are stretched on rows of sticks  
To guard them from the thievish tricks  
Of wanton birds whose tastes incline  
Most strongly to resemble mine.

And then, when summer days are hot  
(They sometimes are, though sometimes  
not),

My steps persistently are led  
To that alluring leafy bed  
Where in profusion well I know  
Prime strawberries superbly grow,  
Shapely and plump, a gracious sight  
To tempt the jaded appetite.  
My eyes aglow with hearty greed  
I contemplate the luscious feed,  
Then slowly sink towards the ground,  
Making a gentle purring sound.

### The Dog-roses

*THESE are the little dog-roses, these  
Follow their mistress, thick as bees,  
Run to her whistle and dance to her tune  
Morning, evening and afternoon ;  
Little dog-roses, little dog-roses  
All at the heels of their Lady June !*

The Lady June she *had* to ;  
She wore her party togs ;  
She says, " And 'tis too bad, too,  
I've got to leave the dogs ;  
I've got to walk a garden  
With all the *dressy* crew,  
And, though I'd beg its pardon,  
Still, dogs 'ud never do."

The Lady June departed,  
" You dare," says she, " to stir " ;  
But scarcely was she started  
Before they'd followed her,  
Along the hedgerow creeping  
To look which way she went,  
And sitting down and peeping  
And hoping she'd relent.

The Lady June relented ;  
She called, " Well, come on, do ;  
Was ever maid tormented  
By such a plague as you ?  
But, if I've got no sermon  
On Disobedience,  
There's this I *will* be firm on—  
*You'll stop outside the fence !*"

So when you see dog-roses  
Outside the garden-gate,  
(Which everybody knows is  
Quite commonplace o' late),  
Then, to the facts a-falling,  
The compliment implied,  
You'll say, "'Tis June come calling—  
I see her dogs outside."

*These are the little dog-roses, these  
Wait for their mistress (as one sees),  
Wait on her whistle or wag to her tune  
All day down to the rising moon ;  
Little dog-roses, little dog-roses  
Hard on the heels of their Lady June !*

# The Wasp



It arrives.



It stings—Jane—



The Twins—



Willie—



Aunt Georgia—



Mother—



And (this is where the real trouble begins) Father.



A RETURN MATCH: AN ECHO OF THE SUMMER SALES  
FIRST COMBATANT (*during a lull for breath, to second ditto*). "Didn't we meet last week at Grabham and Pullaway's?"

### The First Wasp

I THINK I was the first to notice it, for even when its buzz had become quite audible Lavinia did not look up from the letter over which she was frowning. The wasp ignored the home-made marmalade and made a bee-line for the fruit-bowl.

"Keep quite calm," I said quietly to Lavinia.

"How can I keep calm when Margaret wants to bring the twins and the dog for a month?" she replied sharply.

"I was referring to the wasp," I whispered. "It is on that plum. Don't be alarmed; remain still and it will soon go."

"It will not," said Lavinia grimly, folding her napkin into a shape suitable for swatting.

"No-no-no, Lavinia; don't kill it."

"Why ever not?"

"Wasps ought not to be killed. I read it the other day. I meant to cut it out. They are so useful—in the garden and that sort of thing. They eat things."

"Yes, plums," said Lavinia, raising her napkin above the fruit-bowl.

"I mean things that spoil the crops, and so forth; I forget their name. The johnny who wrote about it killed a wasp, and when he opened its maw——"

"Its what?"

"Maw, I think he said. Anyway, he found a simply incredible number of whatever they are—just the things that want killing, you understand."

"How very interesting!" said Lavinia, making a futile swipe at the wasp.

"Anyway, they are things that are fond of the roses, you know."

"Butterflies, perhaps. I can quite believe that a wasp is just the sort of vicious beast to fill its maw to the brim with butterflies."

"It might do worse, Lavinia, for butterflies are fearfully destructive things. Think how they eat cabbages. They ought to be killed."

"And how many cabbages did your learned friend find last time he looked into a butterfly's maw? Besides, if it comes to that, you too eat cabbages."

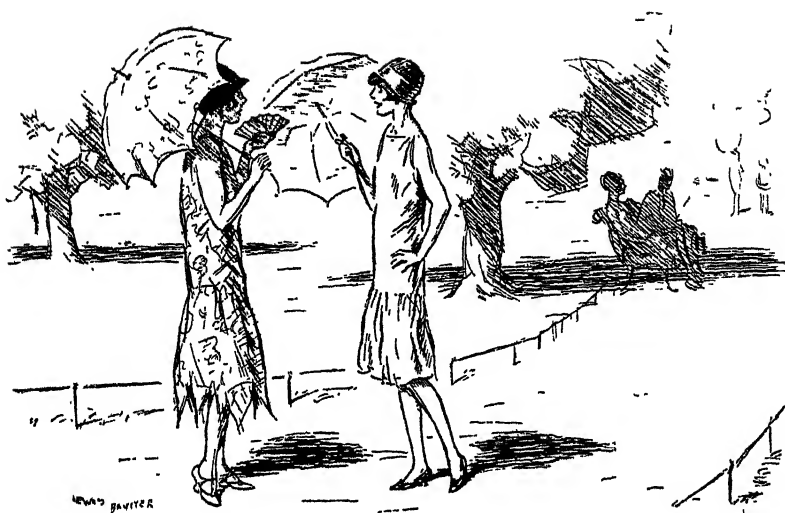
At this juncture the wasp, possibly mistaking me for a butterfly, settled on my cheek and struck home.



"Bring me two eggs."

"On toast, Sir?"

"No—on ice."



LADY (*suffering from the heat*). "I say, isn't this perfect weather too awful for words?"

## Swarms and Swarms

I SPENT last week-end studying bees. Bees, I find, repay a bit of study. It is a great advantage to be able to tell from the look in a bee's eye whether it is advancing upon you in a cold fury or merely under the mistaken impression that your left ear is a columbine. The result is of course unfortunately the same.

My original intention, I may say, was to half-close my eyes and study them from a deck-chair as they flew past, but my host, the Colonel, had quite different ideas about it. He is very fond of his bees, knows most of them by name, and likes to introduce people to them, with the result that I soon found myself standing on the edge of the lawn looking at a lot of white boxes and saying "How nice!" There was a considerable coming and going of bees in the air about me, and I was just wondering if I could retire with discretion to my deck-chair when the Colonel yelled suddenly, "Swarm, by Jove!" and dashed for the house. I stood about for a moment rather bewildered and saying "Where?" till all of a sudden the air round me became unpleasantly congested with bees, and then I retreated behind a large bush and apprehensively watched a mass of them revolving rapidly very high up.

The Colonel returned at a hand-canter with several yards of muslin, a



tin pan, a garden squirt and the Bee Lady from next door. I was dragged out from concealment, given the pan and told to bang it.

It is funny how late on in years one realises one's earliest ambitions. Life for me from four to eight had been a melancholy series of frustrated attempts to bang my fill on a tin pan, and now here I was, over twenty years later, being actually cheered on to it. I banged away, while the Colonel squirted water up at the mass of bees. The idea, I gathered, was to give them the impression that a nasty thunder-shower was just coming on and so induce them to swarm on something nearby and let themselves be bottled up in a skep.

After twenty minutes we were all very wet, very tired and very deaf; but the bees hadn't got the hang of the thing at all. They were, perhaps, rather dense bees who didn't know much about swarming drill. At any rate they now began to move off in an unconcerned manner into the surrounding forest. We followed, banging and squirting. The Colonel said that in order to claim your bees when they do finally swarm you must keep your eye on them. This is all right played slowly. At an ordinary bee-rate, however, it has a blindfold cross-country obstacle-race beaten hollow.

In the event they swarmed a mile-and-a-half away on a bough twenty



MANNERS AT LORD'S  
IRREVERENT YOUNG LADY (*pointing to Prelate*). "I say! There's a swish Bish!"



#### A REMINISCENCE OF HENLEY

OVER-HEATED PERSON (*who has been working valiantly since lunch*).  
"It's no good, I absolutely can't get an inch further."

HIS WIFE. "I wouldn't try, dear. As a matter of fact, I think it's  
about time we turned round and went back for tea." (July 14, 1909)

foot up, and the Colonel, having posted pickets, went home for more paraphernalia and the car. He came back looking like a gipsy caravan stocked for selling sports gear as a side-line. He had everything in the car from a landing-net and two fishing-rods to six single-sticks and a fencing-mask. The only thing he seemed to have forgotten was a battle-axe, but I guessed we could make shift without it. We settled down to detach the swarm, which had now set absolutely solid like a mass of putty, into a skep held up from underneath.

We got them as they fell, though they splashed considerably all over the Colonel. He did not, however, get stung. After long service in India a bee would have to be fitted with a diamond drill to make any impression on him. The Bee Lady, as usual, was covered with friendly bees and seemed to like it. She laughed nastily at me because I watched all this part through a fencing-mask—with binoculars.

We wrapped the skep up in a rug and brought it home; and it was while

## What You Mustn't Miss at Henley



The Pierrots.



Favourites of the Footlights.



The Oofy Goldbergs' House-boat—



And the Racing (see results in the Press).  
(July 6, 1910)

it was being decanted gently into the hive that the bees started to dislike me. I was just standing about watching in an interested manner and doing nothing to any of them when a bee flew straight at me with a noise like an aeroplane. I hadn't said a word to it, but I could see it had an offended look. They say bees can do fifty miles an hour, but I beat it to the greenhouse at the side of the lawn by four-fifths of a second and locked myself in with a triumphant laugh.

Then the laugh faded suddenly as I realised that in my panic I had locked the bee in with me. We frantically circled the inside of the greenhouse twice, and finally the bee and I jammed in the doorway trying to get out together. During the rush I was stung in the forehead.

When I returned warily the Bee Lady was sitting at one side of the hive, embedded in bees and throwing more bees in by handfuls. The Colonel was sitting on the other side and about a dozen bees were taking it in turns to try to puncture him.

"Surely you haven't been stung, Mr. Apple?" the Bee Lady asked sarcastically, brushing a pint of bees from her forehead in order to see more clearly.

"Yes," I replied shortly. I was beginning to dislike that Bee Lady.

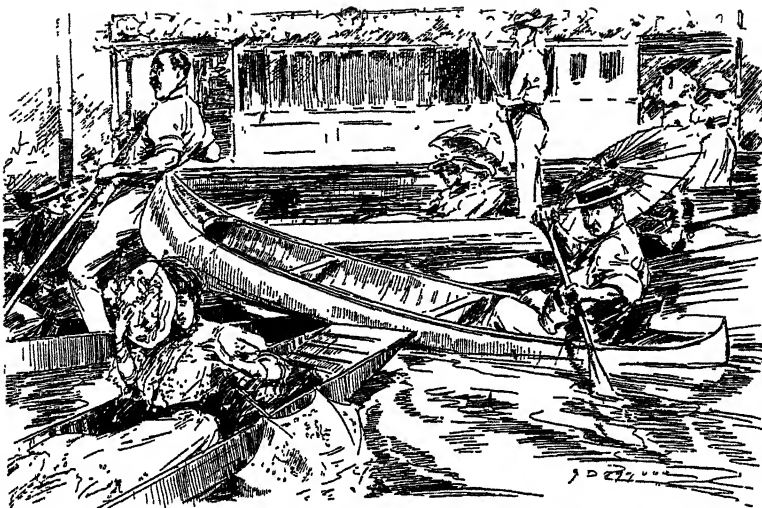
My second spurt for the greenhouse was made in slightly better time, as



#### HOSPITALITY AT HENLEY

CHORUS (to unfortunate swimmer). "Go away! Go away!"

(July 12, 1911)



#### THE REGATTA SEASON. HINTS TO BEGINNERS

For anyone going out alone there is nothing like a Canadian canoe.  
It is so easy to swing round in a confined space.

*(July 10, 1907)*

I was ready for it. I left the bee outside this time, and after I had rattled the handle angrily it went away in a huff.

When I crept out a little later it emerged triumphantly from behind a geranium, where it had been in hiding, and stung me on the forehead.

"Not again?" asked the Bee Lady as I rejoined the party. I made no answer. I was hopefully waiting till she got stung herself. It didn't seem far off.

At last came my moment. The Bee Lady started to rub her wrist.

"Ah, have you been stung?" I asked coolly.

"Yes," replied the Bee Lady angrily, speaking through a cloud of bees, "in the wood this afternoon by a beastly midge."

There is something I don't like about that Bee Lady, but I didn't have time to think what it was, because I had to do another sprint. There were two bees this time, and they both stung me on the forehead. I spent the rest of the day in the greenhouse.

I came down to breakfast next morning with a forehead on me like Mussolini, and ate nearly a pound of honey by way of revenge. A. A.

## A Hymn of Honey

**B**EES, I am  
 Indeed your debtor ;  
 Good is jam,  
 But honey's better ;  
 Honeyless  
 What's breakfast ?—Crude stuff ;  
 Tea ?—A mess  
 Of merely food-stuff.  
  
 " Comb " or " run " ,  
 Or dark or yellow,  
 Honey's one  
 With all things mellow ;  
 Of the hill  
 Or of the valley,  
 Honey still  
 Flows musically.  
  
 Melody  
 Goes to its making,  
 Buzz of bee  
 Great limes awaking ;  
 Gardens old  
 Or hills of heather,  
 And the gold  
 Of golden weather.  
  
 Flowers from June  
 To ripe September  
 Join the tune  
 And say, " Remember,

We are sweet,  
 Our hours are sunny,  
 We repeat  
 Ourselves in honey."  
  
 To compare  
 Seems extra odious ;  
 Honey's fair  
 And all melodious,  
 But ('tis home's,  
 Sweet home's) most days I'd  
 Say, " In combs  
 As skepped on Tayside "  
  
 Goldly brown—  
 Ye gods, now let us  
 Call it crown  
 Of all Hymettus ;  
 Hybla knew  
 No swarm contriving  
 Such a hue,  
 So sweet a hiving.  
  
 Bees, I am  
 (Once more) your debtor ;  
 Great is jam,  
 But honey's better ;  
 And in fine  
 It is, I know it,  
 How the Nine  
 Once fed a poet.

## Villanelle of Cricket

**O**N summer days I asked no more  
 Than this,—while burns a sultry sun,  
 To sit within the tent and score.

To watch a batsman drive for four,  
 And " extra cover " make it one,—  
 On summer days I asked no more.

So for an hour, while others bore  
 The fielding's brunt, I thought it fun  
 To sit within the tent and score.

Hour followed hour,—still I must pore  
 Upon dull sheets and notch each run.  
 (On summer days I asked no more !)

Thus on and on the long day wore ;  
 Alas ! I could prevail on none  
 To sit within the tent and score.

Then came the bowlers, hot and sore,  
 And found *analyses* not done !

\* \* \* \* \*

On summer days I asked no more  
 To sit within the tent and score.

## Moods and Modes at Ascot

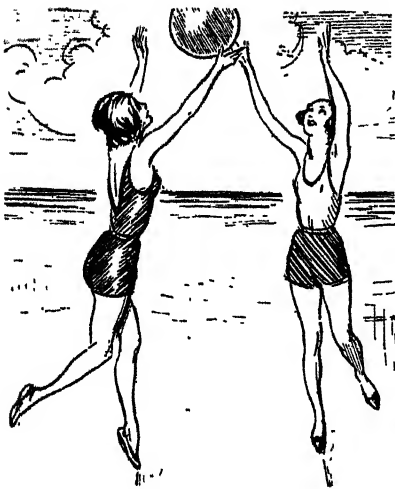


How the paddock impresses you after the horse you have backed has failed to secure a place—



And after you have pulled off a ten to one chance.

HAVING IMAGINED A SERIES OF HOLIDAY-SKETCHES WITH PLEASING  
TITLES, OUR ARTIST *(continued on next page)*—



La culture physique.



A sight for sore eyes.



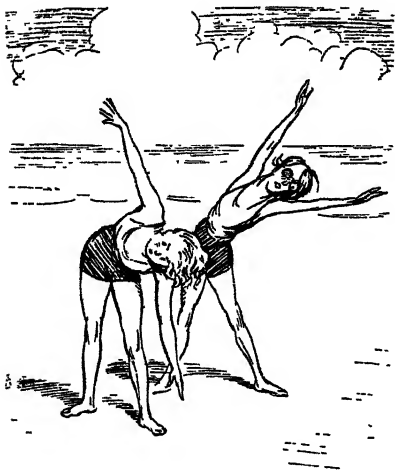
The happy hikers.



The sun-bathers.



UNFORTUNATELY DECIDES TO STUDY HIS SUBJECTS FROM LIFE, WITH THE  
RESULT THAT HE HAS TO MODIFY BOTH DRAWINGS AND TITLES



Physical jerks.



Eyesores.



The hiking horrors.



The shy-makers.

## July in Whitehall

IT is golden July, but for others her  
beauty ;  
I am pining in Whitehall, a martyr to  
duty ;

Chiefs are on leave,  
So the messengers heave  
Their work on my table,  
More work than I'm able  
Ever to compass from morning to eve.

From Croydon, from Crewe, people write  
a long tissue  
Of riddles relating to Forms that we  
issue ;

Bootle and Bow  
Swell the chorus of woe,  
Sage counsel imploring,  
And one writes from Goring—  
Goring-on-Thames ! What can *he* want  
to know ?



FOR HENLEY  
The protector protected.

If *I* were at Goring I'd view with  
aversion  
The faintest suggestion of mental exer-  
tion :

There I could find  
Hobbies more to my mind  
Than penning long letters  
To wretches in fetters,  
Doomed through July to Officialdom's  
grind.

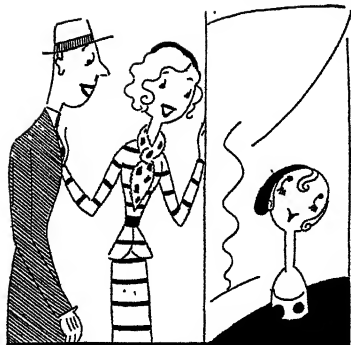
I would charter a punt, cushioned deep  
with gay pillows,  
And find me a nook in the shade of the  
willows,

Where I could hear  
The cool song of the weir,  
And watch the sun glancing  
Through green leaves and dan-  
cing,  
Dancing on waters bedimpled and clear.

But I'm chained to an oar in Bureau-  
cracy's galleys,  
Not wielding a pole in the fairest of  
valleys ;

Here I'm a thrall  
And to work I must fall ;  
Yet, since you discover  
In me an old lover,  
Goring, your case shall come first of  
them all.

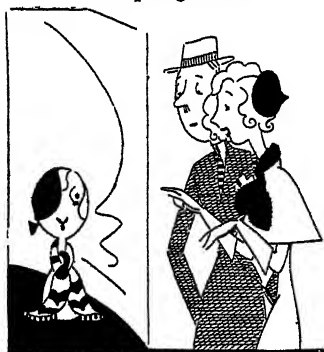
## The Ever-Seasonal Béret



The Spring Béret.



The Summer Béret.



The Autumn Béret.



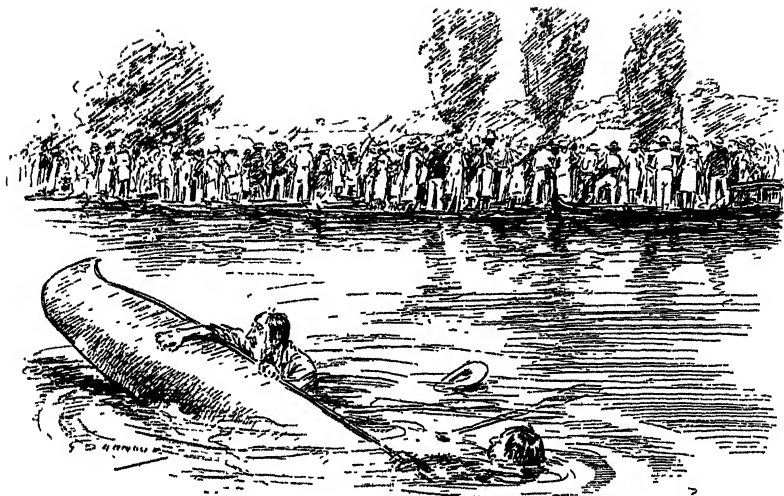
The Winter Béret.



Why can't you tip your old one  
over the other eye?"



"Oh, how can you be so unkind!"



#### HINTS FOR HENLEY

If you choose to go in a canoe don't upset it just when the crowd is watching the finish of an exciting race. They might well be too distracted to remark your desire to be rescued.

### Summer in Arcady

#### The Flower-show

"I HAVE been asked to take part in the flower-show," remarked Angela casually one morning when we had been at Arcadia Cottage about a month.

"As an exhibit?" I asked politely.

"No—as a committee."

"Impossible," I said, trying hard not to look jealous.

"It's quite true," said Angela, trying even harder not to look triumphant.

"There must be some mistake," I said firmly. "Obviously it was *my* experience which——"

"No, there isn't," said Angela. "The Vicar's wife asked me herself this morning in Mr. Snodgrass's shop. Mr. Snodgrass—he's the greengrocer, you know—is on the committee too. It's the only way we can prevent him from exhibiting from stock," she added in a lower conspiratorial tone.

I waved Angela's well-meant explanations aside and rose to my feet. I had come to a momentous decision.

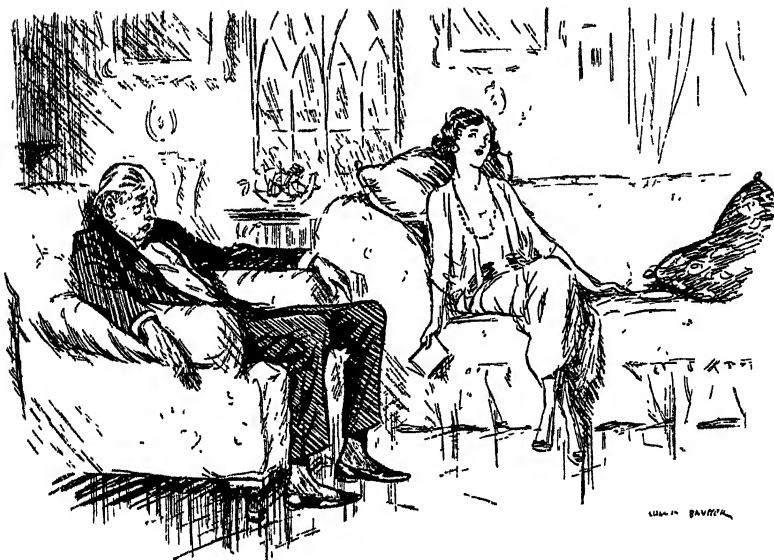
"Angela," I said handsomely, "I have decided not to be small-minded in this matter. I shall take the large, the charitable view, and I shall do what I can to make your flower-show a success. I shall exhibit the carrot." And I



G. L. STAMPA

*(Club steps during heavy shower.)*

BROWN (*who has just returned from his holidays, to Robinson about to leave for his*). "Ah, *this* is what we all want. Three or four weeks of steady rain will brighten things up a lot!"



#### HOT WEATHER CONVERSATION

THE HUSBAND. "Let me see, my dear—who was it was telling us about—er—what was it?"

sat down again, conscious that I had come well out of a very trying situation. A smaller man might have eaten the carrot and let the flower-show go hang. I knew now that I was made of nobler stuff. Strange how circumstances reveal us to ourselves. Besides, I don't care for carrots.

"That will be lovely," said Angela. "And I will see that you get a prize."

"I want no favours," I said proudly. "I shall stand or fall by my carrot. Have you *seen* it?"

"Oh, I know it will make all the difference to the success of the show, darling," said Angela hurriedly. "But I mean we didn't really *grow* it, did we? We only took it furnished."

"We have *watched* it grow, and we have—er—watered it, surely?"

"Only once, dear, and that was because you thought it was something else. I mean we didn't *set* it."

"This is mere quibbling, Angela. Besides, carrots are not set, you can take it from me. I am an authority on carrots."

"I'm so glad," said Angela. "Then that makes *that* all right." She gave a little sigh. "There are so *many* things one has to decide about when one is on a committee, you know," and she smiled a little tired important smile,

like a Cabinet Minister in a crisis. Angela might wear herself to a shadow, one felt, but the flower-show was safe.

I could not but rise to such a noble example.

"Have no fear," I said. "I and the carrot will be there."

\* \* \* \* \*

By the date of the flower-show I had the carrot trained to the last ounce. I have never in my life seen a carrot in better form, and when, a couple of days before the great event, I laid him out for a trial exhibit on a piece of white paper on my desk, he surpassed all my expectations. His stable companions were simply nowhere. From that time I watched him night and day. There are dark stories in the annals of Carrot Exhibiting, if only we trainers cared to tell all we know.

From the fact that I saw less and less of Angela as the great day drew near I gathered that there were to be other attractions as well, minor events grouped about my carrot. I heard positive indications every time I ventured near the parish room that the local band was to be in attendance, but a generous offer on my part to draw up a purely horticultural music programme for the occasion—"The Last Rose of Summer," "Come into the Garden, Maud," "'Tis but a Little Faded Flower," and so on—was not treated with the consideration it deserved. Various persons in the village seemed to be

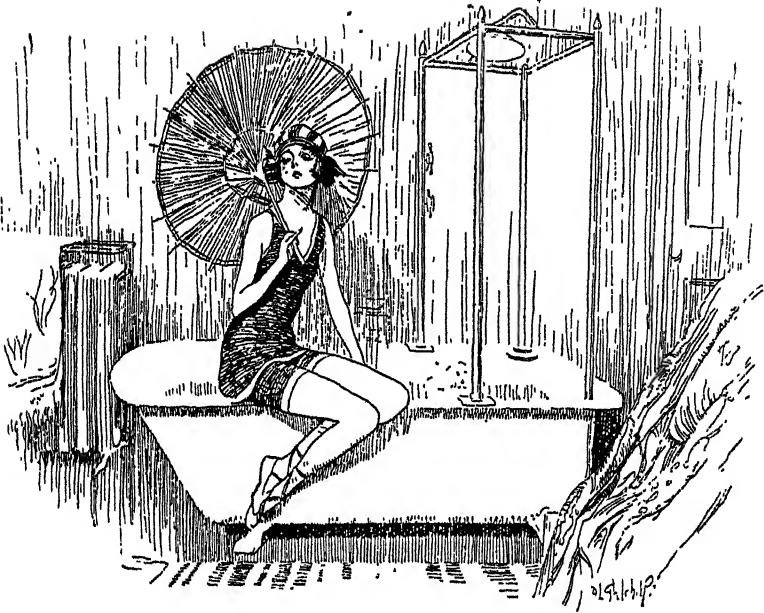


*Time: First week in July.*

PLUTOCRAT'S WIFE. "Me husband has just had a run up to our Scotch moor."

SPORTSMAN. "And what are the birds like?"

PLUTOCRAT'S WIFE. "Very wild, he says."



#### BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS: A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL

getting strangely excited about their personal exhibits, and at more than one house the casual visitor was met at the garden gate upon arrival and escorted carefully back to it on leaving. The Vicarage garden was in a whirl of activity. Even the Vicar was lured away from his bees to search for a potato which should be a credit to orthodoxy. During the last few days not a stone, and very little soil, was left unturned in the entire village.

The carrot and I were early on the course and secured a good place near the rails whence we could watch the arrival of the other exhibits. Near us a few miserable competitors in our own class shuffled sheepishly into their places, but there didn't look to me to be anything that the carrot couldn't beat in a canter. I gave my entry a final rub down and moved away to have a general look round.

Rapidly the ground and the marquee filled up, and the village band, utterly disregarding the vegetarian nature of the festival, began to enliven the proceedings by playing "The Roast Beef of Old England." One distinguished visitor wore a grey top-hat.

"'Ave 'ee seen my kiddy-beans?" said a voice at my elbow.



"No," I admitted. "I'm afraid I've missed those. I'm—er—an authority on carrots myself."

"You did ought to see my kiddy-beans."

"I'll make a point of it," I said.

The flags fluttered and the sun shone, and the climax of excitement was reached when the Dowager Lady Shuffleton-Smythe drove on to the ground in a victoria which was itself worthy of a place in any exhibition.

"'Ave 'ee seen my kiddy-beans, Mister?"

"Not yet, but I'm hoping to—I'm hoping to."

The Vicar beamed and the trodden grass began to give forth the smell peculiar to school sports and horticultural shows. A gentleman with a complicated camera turned up and began taking unrecognisable photographs at two for a shilling, mounted complete. The mad merry whirl was getting madder and merrier every minute.

"'Ave 'ee seen my kiddy-beans yet, Mister?"

"No," I said. "Have you seen my carrot?"

A Punch and Judy show! The excitement was becoming more than man



A NEW PERIL: THE DUCK-BURGLAR



"Was it always like this at the seaside, Daddy, before they had 'Summer time'?"

could be expected to bear. The band, having exhausted its repertory, was now taking a second helping of "The Roast Beef of Old England." The Vicar's wife was performing miracles of disorganisation.

"Mister, won't 'ee come an' see they kiddy-beans?"

"One moment. Speaking of carrots——"

I caught a glimpse of Angela having her hand patted by the dowager. Our social position was going up by leaps and bounds, and I tried to indicate to her that now was the moment for her to exhibit the carrot to the astonished and delighted gaze of the Social Pinnacle.

"Why don't 'ee come and see my kiddy-beans?"

I caught a flicker of Angela's eyelid and dashed up, hat in hand, to receive my social *cachet*.

"Lady Shuffleton-Smythe would like so much to see your exhibit," murmured Angela.

"Always liked carrots," said the august lady graciously. "Particularly with boiled beef," she added.

It was a proud moment. The crowd fell back respectfully as we moved towards the marquee and approached the table where I had placed the carrot.

Suddenly I stopped, horror gnawing at my very vitals. Where the carrot had reposed in all its wonderful unapproachable glory there was nothing but a plain sheet of white paper, and in the middle of it, insult added to injury, twopence.

L. DU G.



J.H.DOWD.3;

BOY (*revisiting resort*). "Look, Daddy, that man's moved!"

## The Season

THE Season, what is it—  
 A rose and a tunc ?  
 A potentate's visit ?  
 Old Bond Street at noon ?  
 A cream and a honey  
 Of frocks and of frills ?  
 A spending of money ?  
 A running of bills ?

Nay, who then can tell you  
 The how and the why  
 Of powers that compel you  
 From May to July  
 To eat like a Cæsar,  
 Or frisk like a faun,  
 Where strings and soft keys are  
 From darkness to dawn ?



THE SUNBATHERS

"Well, anyhow, John, we're all ready when  
 the sun *does* come out."

But ask not improvement,  
 'Tis Town at its best,  
 'Tis colour and movement  
 And dainty unrest ;  
 'Tis parties and prices,  
 'Tis Youth in full train,  
 And strawberry ices  
 And silk and champagne.

For one 'tis the smarter  
 Occasions of mark ;  
 For one just the charter  
 Of chairs in the Park ;  
 For one, all entreating,  
 Who sues and who sighs,  
 'Tis chance to be meeting  
 A pair of blue eyes.

So that is the Season—  
 A song in the sun,  
 A rhyme and a reason  
 For Fashion or Fun ;  
 But, put it compactly,  
 Its magic doth lie  
 Just where and exactly  
 I know not, not I.



MID-CHANNEL  
Neptune rises to the occasion.

(September 7, 1927)

## How to Keep Cool

(A private and more effective recipe than those constantly suggested by  
the popular Press)

WHEN I weary of infinite lays  
(Like a hen) as the weather  
grows hotter,  
When Pegasus languidly neighs,  
And the Muse is a rotter,  
And I envy the ducks in the park and the  
seals at the Zoo and the otter ;

When the dust eddies up from the  
path  
Which the wheel of the motor-car  
threshes,  
And no place allures but the bath,  
And no drink refreshes,  
And drives are all topped from the tee  
and all services faint in the meshes ;

Shall I list to the voice of the Press ?  
Shall I purchase their hints for a  
copper  
On how I should cut down my dress  
(Which would hardly be proper),  
And only eat turnips and wear a huge  
cabbage leaf under my topper ?

Ah no ! for the power of the mind  
Is lord of the frailties of matter,  
And food is so pleasant, I find,  
And I don't think my hatter  
Would let me fit greens in his tile, and I  
can't leave off clothes like a satyr.

My thoughts I relentlessly switch  
To souls who are fated to follow  
Some calling contrasted with which,  
When he worships Apollo,  
The weaver of honey-sweet songs is as  
cool as a cow in a wallow.

I think of the people who toil  
For gold in the grasp of the City,  
Of stokers and engine-room oil,  
Of bakers all gritty  
With germ of the standardized flour, and  
of chaps on some futile Com-  
mittee.

I think of the hind hoeing roots,  
Of pedlars their articles hawking,  
Of gallants in very tight boots  
(Blessed dream ! ) who are walking  
On shadowless plains with their loves  
and expected to do all the talking.

I think of the men on the " Mail,"  
I think of my butcher and grocer,  
And when all these solaces fail  
Am I comfortless ? No, Sir !  
I think, and revive at the thought, of one  
place where it's fifty times closer.

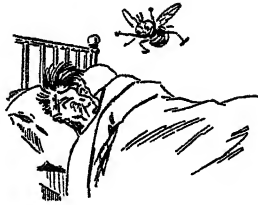
EVOE

(June 21, 1911)

## “One Crowded Hour” in a Bluebottle’s Day



10 A.M.—Physical exercises on gutter bone.



10.5.—Awaken Lord Nightbird after his valet has failed at ninth attempt.



10 10.—Drop in to breakfast with the Earl of Ditchwater.



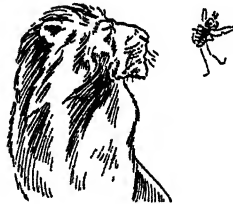
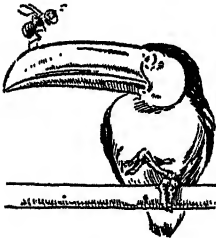
10.15.—Keep Government official wide-awake for nearly three minutes.



10.20.—Amuse Baby.



10 25 —Annoy fly-paper merchant.



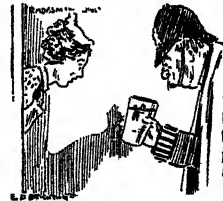
10.30 to 10.45.—The Zoo.



10.50.—Assist at preparation of civic banquet.



10.55.—Make a Bishop say “Dashi”



11 A.M.—Get a drink out of hours.

## To a Butterfly

(At 90° in the Shade)

**B**EST sprite, that flittest through the  
air  
'Neath summer suns, devoid of care,  
And underwear ;

I envy thee, distracting fly,  
Thou look'st so fresh and cool, while I  
Can't though I try.

No collar donned at Fashion's beck  
Depends, a moist and crumpled wreck,  
About thy neck.

No hard-boiled shirt ; no fancy vest  
Lies nightmare-like on thine oppressed  
And simmering chest.

I envy thee ; ah would I too  
Might brave, untrousered, e'en as you,  
The public view.

A handkerchief, a string of beads  
Such as the Hottentot concedes  
To Custom's needs—

These, and a brush or so of paint  
I'd gladly wear without complaint,  
Only I mayn't !

## Ille Angulus

**W**HEN burning August, the month  
of dust,  
Reminds the cuckoo that go he must,  
When the reaper clacks through the  
yellow wheat  
And I am prostrated with prickly heat ;  
When Whitehall wilts and Trafalgar  
Square  
Melts in its blanket of used-up air,  
And Bond Street swelters, an easy prey  
To women from Syracuse (U.S.A.) ;  
When children clamour for ginger-pop  
And all the buses are full on top,  
And nobody dines or goes to the play,  
And those who have had no holiday  
Are only a trifle more tired and surly  
Than those who took their holidays  
early—  
Oh, then I long as never before  
For the swoosh of waves on a rockbound  
shore,  
Weed below and heather above  
And a sheer grey cliff that the sea-birds  
love,  
Wide green waters to feast the eyes on  
Stretching away to the blue horizon,

A hidden bay with red-roofed houses,  
A wharf where the local shellback  
drowzes,  
And, last but one of a neat white row,  
The cottage of Mrs. Clitheroe,  
Where by-and-by, when the red dusk  
dies,  
And the night has several thousand eyes,  
And the mouse falls prey to the questing  
owl,  
I shall get to work on a well-cooked fowl.

Oh, when I lie, as I hope to soon, ..  
On that high cliff with the sun at noon  
(None of your tropical greenhouse suns  
That make men frizzle like hot cross buns,  
But a golden lamp in a dome of blue,  
With a scarf of clouds to be shining  
through),  
Never a thought will I revive  
Of the hateful quill that I have to drive,  
The laggard clock and the tepid air,  
And Jones, the bill clerk, who oils his hair  
In London Town where a million slaves  
Sigh for soft breezes and singing waves.  
ALGOL





PERSPIRING CUSTOMER. "Ph-h-h! Bring me something cool."  
WAITRESS. "Yes, Sir. Would you like an ice?"  
PERSPIRING CUSTOMER. "No, no; something cooler than that."

(August 2, 1911)



### A HEAT-WAVE AGONY

"Fan, lidy? Sorry I cawn't oblige yer—this is the only one I've got left."

(August 19, 1925)

### Ballade of August

NOW when the street-pent airs blow  
stale

A longing stirs us as of yore  
To take the old Odyssean trail,  
To bend upon the trireme's oar  
For isled stream and hill-bound shore;  
To lay aside the dirty pen  
For summer's blue and golden store  
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

Then let the rover's call prevail

That opes for us the enchanted door,  
That bids us spread the silken sail  
For bays o'er which the seabirds soar,  
And foam-flecked rollers pitch and  
roar,  
Where nymph maybe, and mermaiden,

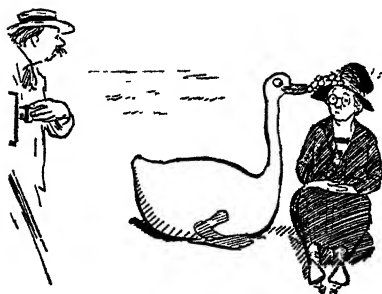
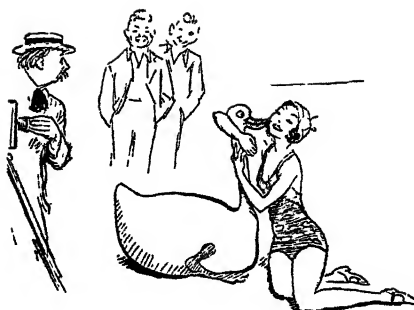
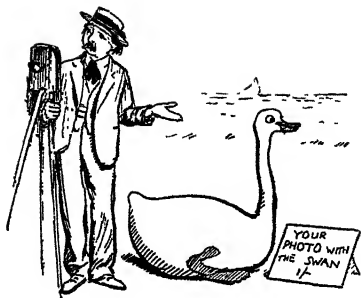
Come beachward in the moon-rise hoar,  
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

Blue-eyed Calypsos, Circes pale  
(The sage who shuns them I abhor),  
These—for a fortnight—shall not fail  
To thrill the heart's susceptible core,  
To bind us with their ancient lore,  
Who rather like to listen when  
Sweet-lipp'd the sirens voice their  
score,

'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

#### ENVOY

Masters, who seek the minted ore,  
It's only August now and then,  
Ah, take the Wanderer's way once more,  
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!



# SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG

## Ode to the Nightingale

O YOU that from some southern land  
Return with each new spring  
To this reviving island and,  
When in the humour, fling  
A song so gallant, so divine,  
Out on the night, if fairly fine,  
As utterly to take the shine  
Out of all birds that sing ;

The thrush, grown conscious of your  
voice,  
Retires behind his leaves,  
The blackbird, not at all from choice,  
Sits mopily and grieves ;  
That wealth of song can e'en transfix  
Both dawning owls and farmyard chicks  
And the rude sparrow as he picks  
Things off the couchant bees.

You are the theme, all themes above,  
The bards have held most dear ;  
Bar Wordsworth, who preferred the dove,  
Even the most austere  
On you have cast their loveliest gems  
From Wight to Hampstead or the  
Thames,  
Yet it is one that fate condemns  
Me ever not to hear.

I have stol'n forth in many a glade  
Where, at their best in June,  
Rich nightingales their serenade  
Lift to the solemn moon  
So madly that it sometimes stirs  
Young wanderers mid the briars and  
burrs  
To sit incautiously on furze,  
Enraptured by the tune.

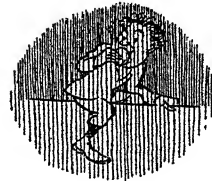
The spinney and the wooded hill,  
The unfrequented lane,  
Gardens that throb with song until  
The residents complain,  
Though strangers, eager for the sound,  
Come trespassing from miles around—  
These I have visited, and found  
I always went in vain.

O budded quicks, melodious plots,  
O song so full and free  
That livens up those favoured spots  
Often till after three,  
O groves so thrilled with high romance  
That, though the whole world gaped  
askance,  
I could have sung with half a chance,  
Why are you mute for me ?

We cannot all see Grecian urns ;  
Not everywhere one meets  
His Lycidas, howe'er he burns  
To emulate those feats ;  
But you, immortal bird, are there,  
A general theme, with charm to spare,  
On which, for all that I'm aware,  
I might have rivalled Keats.

But as you please. Unless it's wet,  
When the deep shadows fall  
To-night I'll give you one chance yet ;  
If lost, there's no recall.  
Sing me your best, and I'll sing you  
Something in praise that's really new ;  
If you can do without it, do ;  
It's one ode less, that's all.

Dum-Dum



129



HUSBAND. "I say, Beryl, come over and be introduced to my boss and his wife. Just discovered them sitting over there."

WIFE. "Don't be so utterly absurd. Can't you see I'm not dressed for calling?"

### August

WHEN do we dream of heather hills  
And joyfully repair to  
Haunts which shall banish all the ills  
That human flesh is heir to ?  
When do we yearn for loch and burn  
And sun-kissed fern ?  
In August.

When do the hurricanes descend  
In wrath that should be winter's,  
To fell the forest and to rend  
The giant oak to splinters ?  
When do the fates pursue our pates  
With flying slates ?  
In August.

When do we watch the drifting rack,  
And fix our anxious eyes on  
The clouds that lower grim and black  
Upon the dark horizon ?  
When do we sigh and wonder why  
It rains for aye ?  
In August.

When do we, sick of one small room,  
Assume our macintoshes,  
And sadly paddle through the gloom  
In slippery goloshes ?  
When do we shrink from life and think  
We'll take to drink ?  
In August.

When did old Noah build his ark,  
And bid his sons and daughters  
And all his motley crew embark  
To sail upon the waters ?  
I am without the slightest doubt  
It fell about  
In August.

When does our sorrow fly away  
As we with joy remember  
Our tickets do for any day  
Till 31st December ?  
When do we pack and hurry back  
On homeward track ?  
In August.



#### A SILLY SEASON GRIEVANCE

SEA-SERPENT (to Miss de Groseille). "No, Miss Maxima, what with their ridiculous notions about the 'Decay of Home Life,' and 'Thriftless Wives,' and I don't know what all, we aren't getting the attention we're entitled to at this time of year."



If you must stay in London during August, do take an early dip in the Serpentine and dry yourself with a canter up the Row in the morning sun.

### Litter : the New Attitude

YOU who loathe litter, open now your eyes,  
 So blind to beauty in this modern guise !  
 Your fellow-creatures now no more abuse,  
 But strive instead to readjust your views.  
 Learn to love litter ; with delight you've seen  
 Pale apple-blossom scattered on the green,  
 Yet, hypercritical, your ardour flags  
 Beholding in our parks abandoned bags.  
 Are not these tossed white fragments much the same,  
 Though trippers and not fruit-trees are to blame ?

Count them confetti at a feast flung down—  
 The marriage of the country and the town.

You gloat on bluebells in a sunny glade,  
 Why hate torn paper of the selfsame shade ?  
 'Neath Southern skies gold orange spheres are fair ;  
 Why not the peel flung glowing here and there ?  
 Moonsilver you call beautiful, yet fail  
 To greet with cheers the chocolate-crunchers' trail ;

You love the smoke that rises, do you not,



A wisp of blue, above some rose-bowered  
cot ?

Why then so fierce to note amongst the  
trees

The fumes of casual fires for picnic  
teas ?

Poets, enraptured, have throughout the  
past

Sung of the dead leaves dancing on the  
blast ;

Bards of to-morrow may acclaim per-  
haps

The loveliness of wind-whirled paper-  
scraps.

And, if you cannot see with eyes of  
art,

You have presumably a human heart,

Which should dilate with joy to find a  
trace

Of fellow-creatures all about the place,  
Nor pine for meads and woods that never

show

If mortals have made merry there or  
no.

Strewn rural scenes we should in fancy  
share

With all who've obviously eaten  
there ;

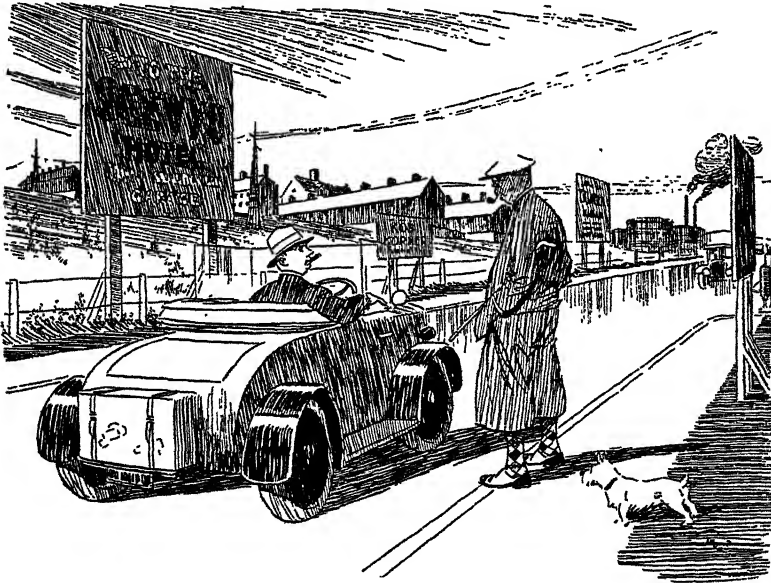
The mangled sandwich and the jetsam  
bun

Are proofs of plenty spread for every-  
one ;

And bottles broken in the grass may  
be

Left from libations quaffed to Liberty !

W. K. H.



"You'd be surprised what a lot of visitors we get here in August."  
"I should."



THE WOMAN. "I always think September is the saddest month of the year. The turn of the leaf—the hint of passing."

THE MAN. "Oh, I don't know. There are always the partridges and oysters."

## Society Gossip from Bird-land

By Our Special Chatterer \*

MY readers will be interested to learn of the movements of some of their favourites now that the summer season is over.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Swallow are already thinking of leaving England ; probably they will pass the autumn in the Riviera, but if the weather there proves inclement they will cross to Algiers and proceed by easy stages to South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift have much enjoyed their short stay in this bracing climate ; they departed by air, accompanied by their children, early in August.

The House-Martyns, on the contrary, decided to remain in England, at any rate till the end of September, and perhaps on into October if the weather continues mild. Mrs. House-Martyn is, I hear, redecorating the interior of her charming stucco villa, " Under-Eaves." It is whispered that her activities are not unconnected with arrangements for the arrival of yet a third family ;

\* Old name for the Waxwing.

she is charmingly old-fashioned in her views, and has no use for the modern one-or-two-children-only household. I hear she may make the journey south in company with her cousins the Sand-Martyns, who have spent a most enjoyable summer playing at being cave-men in a romantic sand-quarry.

The Searle-Buntings are another very domesticated couple. Mrs. Searle-Bunting is a most devoted mother: three of her daughters "came out" only last week, but a few days later she started building another snug little bijou residence; except for the interior decorations it is almost completed, and here again we may soon expect a full cradle.

The cherry season is now over, and I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Black-Byrde are intending to camp out in the country until the autumn. My readers will, I know, sympathise with Mrs. Black-Byrde in her sad loss of one of her most promising children as the result of a gun accident while taking the raw-fruit cure recommended by the family doctor. This distressing fatality recalls to mind the mysterious deaths in the Bull-Finch family last spring. My readers will remember that Mrs. Bull-Finch and two of her children were found dead beneath some budding pear-trees. No explanation of this triple fatality



ANGLER (*who is telling his "big fish" story*). "What weight was he? Well, they hadn't right weights at the inn, but he weighed exactly a flat-iron, two eggs, and a bit of soap!"



The conscientious Oyster-lover waits for the birth of September.

was ever offered, but it is rumoured that by a most touching coincidence those pear-trees did not bear fruit this year.

Mr. Blackcap, whom I noticed with his two daughters taking an *al-fresco* lunch among some raspberry canes a few weeks ago, tells me that, if the weather is not too severe, he may again try wintering in Devonshire or the Cornish Riviera ; he found the mild climate suited him last winter and it saves him the trouble of a cross-Channel journey. I noticed that his daughter, Miss Sylvia Atricapilla (the latter a family name), was sporting a dark *béret*, which reminded me of the becoming cap worn by her mother in the spring.

His relative, Mr. Chyffe-Chaffe, who, by the way, has just been made a Life Fellow of the Phylloscopical Society (which, as its name implies, devotes its energies to leaf-research), may also winter with us, but this depends chiefly upon whether he can obtain a suitable diet ; his friends say that the tropical cuisine which he usually enjoys during the winter has made him something of a gourmet.

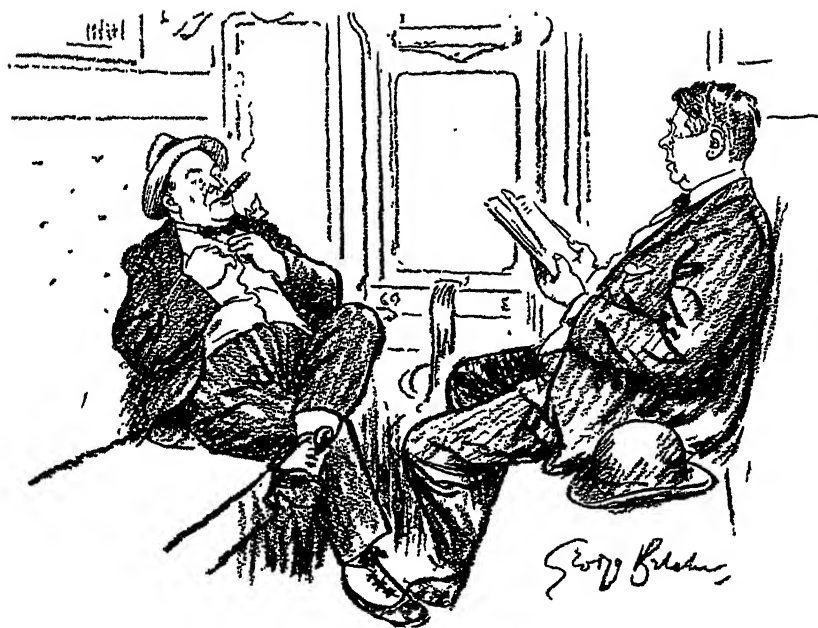
My old friend Wood-Pigeon has met with an unfortunate contretemps. The sporting rights over his charming woodland estate have lately been acquired by the Marquis Peregrine, and I understand some regrettable incidents, involving certain younger members of his family, have already occurred.

Lord and Lady Cuckoo have already left for the Continent. Lady C. has



#### MANNERS AND MODES

Fashionable meteorology for Michaelmas. British Isles: Temperature, Warm to Chilly (according to taste).



TALKATIVE STRANGER. "Yes, there's a lot of grumbling, but my experience this summer 'as been that, drought or no drought, my little place in Surrey 'as supplied me with all my requirements in the way of veg."

FELLOW-PASSENGER (*driven desperate by boredom and asphyxiation*). "Really? It must be very convenient to grow your own cigars."

Spartan views on the bringing up of children. "I don't believe in coddling," she said to me the other day. "I put 'em all out to nurse and let 'em fend for themselves." Her eldest son, the Honourable Jacob,\* I saw the other day, accompanied by his foster-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pippitt, who were most solicitous in supplying his every want. I understand that the Pippitts' children all unfortunately died young, and that in consequence the Honourable Jacob has from infancy had the benefit of the bereaved mother's undivided attention. He will shortly follow his parents to the Continent.

\* I.e. "the supplanter."



THE ANGLER. "My boy, you never saw such a fish in your life. But, curse him! he got away from me."  
THE OTHER (*hopefully*). "Did he? How?"



LAST-BUT-ONE VISITOR (*to the other Last-but-one*). "When do you go back? I came at this time so that I could have the place to myself."

### September Song

'TIS the season of unreason ; it were  
treason

To write sense.

In September, pray remember, silly songs  
are

No offence.

If you're clever *now* you never will  
endeavour

To be wise,

But be frivolously jolly, catching folly  
As it flies.

Now we weary with our dreary, silly  
query

Every print ;

Not forgetting to be setting social  
problems

Without stint.

Now the scaly serpent daily do we  
gaily

Renovate,

On his visit in a solemn open column  
We dilate.

Lass and lad, sec, ma and dad, sec, from  
the sad sea

Come at last,

For the summer has become a happy  
mem'ry

Of the past.

Now we tumble with a grumble to our  
humble

Business ways,

As we dream in manner hazy of our lazy  
Holidays.

Maids alluring are enduring now the  
curing

Homburg yields.

Now the partridge with a cartridge seeks  
the sportsman

O'er the fields.

Now the clubby, fresh and chubby (trifle  
tubby)

City he

Doth in triumph romp, and royster with  
the oyster

From the sea !



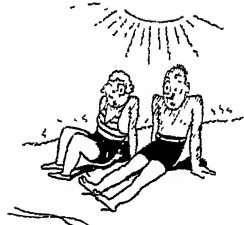
## Relaxation



Although—



We enjoyed—



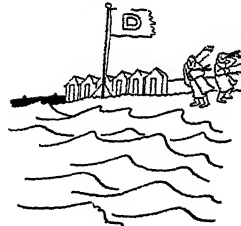
Our—



Holiday—



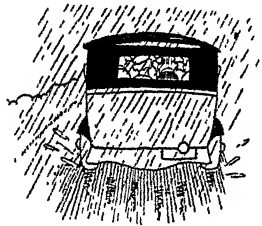
Tremendously—



And had—



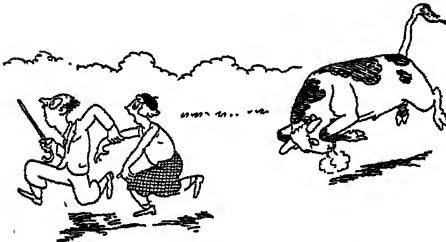
A perfectly—



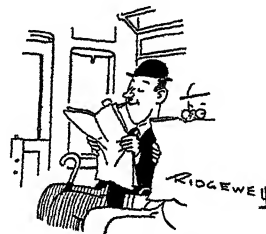
Topping—



Time—



And all that—



It's rather a treat to settle down in a corner-seat of the dear old City and Suburban.



#### A NEW GARDEN GAME—"SLICING THE WASP"

Suitable for both sexes, young and old. Fascinating, amusing, skilful, exciting, and with that element of danger so attractive to the Briton.

(September 6, 1911)

#### A Complaint of Kind Enquiries

SUMMER is pretty near over,  
 Watering-places are thronged,  
 Trippers are living in clover,  
 I alone feel myself wronged,  
 Painfully feel my position,  
 Daily and hourly beset,  
 Questioned with vain repetition,—  
 "Been for your holiday yet?"

Don't talk to me about trouble,  
 Luggage that wanders astray,  
 Rooms with their rents screwed to double,  
 Children that cry all the day,  
 Skies everlastingly clouded,  
 Trains that eternally crawl,  
 Sea-fronts impossibly crowded—  
 I could put up with them all!

I could put up with the niggers,  
 I could put up with the noise,  
 Bathers, and paddlers, and diggers,  
 Donkeys and similar joys;  
 What do such little things matter?  
 Let me but get out of town,  
 Coming back several pounds fatter,  
 Burnt a mahogany-brown!

No, I am tied to the City,  
 Tied to my wearisome task.  
 Yet from the stores of your pity  
 One little favour I ask;  
 Meekly I make the suggestion:  
 When in the street we have met,  
 Don't ask the imbecile question,  
 "Been for your holiday yet?"



RAIN-BASKING: THE NEW ENGLISH PASTIME

THE IMPERVIOUS PATRIOT. "Ah, Toby, my boy, they've got nothing like this on the Lido."

## The Last Wopse of Summer

TAKING usual morning buzz round village with Charles Algernon, it suddenly occurs to me that he and I are the sole survivors of our race. When Providence sees fit to call us to itself, there won't be a single wopse left in entire neighbourhood!

Linger with Charles Algernon outside Grocer's. Depressed by sight of corpses, all relations or dear friends, piled a foot deep inside window panes. "And to think," says Charles Algernon, "that, with only a little more self-restraint, every one of those fine fellows might be with us yet!"

True enough—but Charles Algernon hardly the insect to say so, never having been exposed to *real* temptation. If he'd ever come across it—say in the form of a beer or treacle jar—would have fallen in to a dead certainty. Well-meaning wopse, in his way, but weak. Have sent him on to scout.

He returns with report of excellent opening at house down next street. Accompany him to window, and find I've been there before. Occupier a



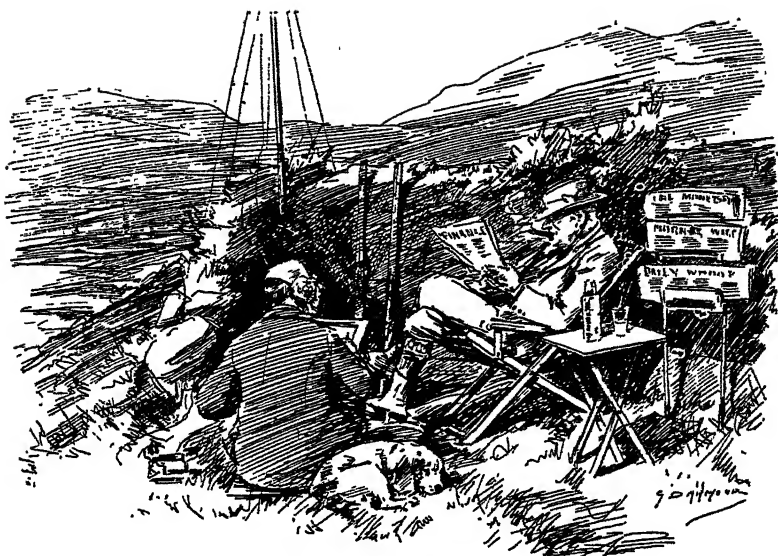
SEPTEMBER

PHRASANT. "Hullo, Old Chap! How do? What, really! going to stand treat *again*? Well, you do know how to do a fellow proud!"



OCTOBER

SAME PHEASANT. "Here, I say! Hang it all! What have I done? Last month nothing was too good for me, and now I'm being chivied all over the place till I'm blest if I know which way to turn!"



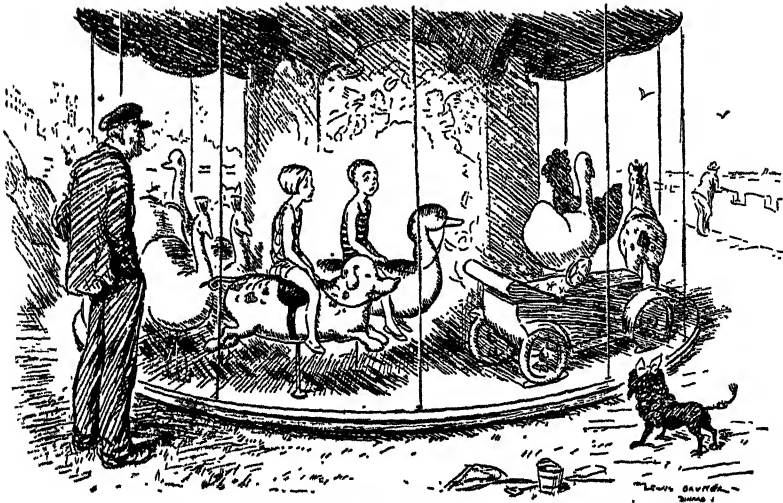
#### GROUSE SHOOTING UP-TO-DATE

(A Suggestion for Financiers.)

WIRELESS OPERATOR. "Head Beater reports pack of grouse in the bay; should arrive in about two minutes."

CAPEL COURT MAGNATE. "Well, send that message about Amalgamated Ice, and then give me my gun."

peevish old person, who flaps about him with napkin. Doesn't do much execution with that—but rather nippy with butterknife. I know, because only a fortnight since he chopped a favourite uncle and two second cousins in halves before my very eyes. . . . Stop on sill, and let Charles Algernon go in first. . . . According to him, everything as it should be; table laid for breakfast, nice fire, nobody about. . . . Think I may venture in. Any strawberry jam going? No jam, according to Charles Algernon, only marmalade. Tut-tut! how *can* people be so inconsiderate? Factory marmalade never *does* agree with me. Of course, if it's home-made. Charles Algernon, already inside cut-glass bowl, declares it *is* home-made—and most luscious. Not sure that I'm in the mood for marmalade this morning. Shall sit on edge of bowl and see how Charles Algernon gets on. Surface strikes me as looking a trifle tricky. "Safe enough," he assures me, "so long as you keep on the peel." Perhaps, after all, just a taste. Few things more wholesome than genuine home-made marmalade—always provided you don't over-eat yourself. Afraid that's just what Charles Algernon's doing—his face is a perfect mask of marmalade already! Feel it my duty to warn him against excess. He seems



FIN DE SAISON: THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

offended ; says I needn't be afraid for *him*, as he knows perfectly well where to stop. He may—but the syrup is hardly the safest part to stop in. He tells me it's far the sweetest, and I've no idea how delicious it is, and goes on wallowing. Won't look at him—can't bear to see *any* wopse making such a beast of himself. . . . This peel is certainly a little too acid. Syrup might act as a corrector. Anyway, *one* sip can't hurt me. . . . Charles Algernon right about its being sweet. *Quite* excellent! Luckily, unlike some wopses, I know when I've had enough. . . . Remind Charles Algernon that we'd better be going. He begs me to wait for just another minute—he'll be out directly. Will give him a little longer—may as well have one more go at the syrup. . . . That last mouthful not so good—cloying, somehow. If Charles Algernon won't come out, I shall simply go *without* him, that's all.

He assures me he would be only too glad to get out, if he could, but he can't. There! I *told* him how it would be—but he wouldn't listen—and now, oh, Charles Algernon! that *you* should have come to such an end as this! . . . Well, I can do nothing for him, except leave him to his fate. . . .

Very odd—but I find it's more of an effort to get away than I expected. Can't feel my feet in this confounded syrup. This will be a lesson to me. Must give up marmalade after this!

Still floundering; horrid doubt whether marmalade will give *me* up. Gather from Charles Algernon's antennæ—all I can see of him—that he is feebly amused. Heartless! . . .

It's all over with the pair of us—unless—Why *not*? No sense in *both* of us losing our lives—and such valuable lives! . . . If I can only struggle up to Charles Algernon . . . I have. “Keep cool, old fellow, leave everything to me. Here, I *say*! What are you *doing*? Don't be an *ass*, dear old chap! You're shoving me under! . . .”

Simply no words to express my opinion of Charles Algernon's conduct. Instead of allowing me to clamber over him, he's deliberately got on top of *me*! He is still there, callously engaged in cleaning his wings. As soon as they are serviceable again, he flies to edge of bowl, from which he addresses me. “Augustus Henry,” he is saying, his antennæ quivering with real or assumed emotion, “you have saved my life by an act of heroic self-sacrifice which I shall always remember with gratitude. May that thought console you! And now, farewell!”

I suppose I must let it go at that. All the same, it *is* annoying to think that it should be Charles Algernon who will now be the Last of the Wopses!

F. A.



#### OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE

How refreshing it is to know that after four months of this kind of Press photograph—

We can look forward with only too much confidence to eight months of this!

## Dusk Out-of-Doors

(A Little Reverie)

HAS it ever struck you, gentle reader,  
When the summer nights are  
warm  
(Deck-chairs underneath the dark old  
cedar,  
Moths about, and bats in form),  
What a boon it means to golden fancies,  
Faith and love and fond regret ?  
How (conversely) trade in true romances  
Suffers if the season's wet ?

Take myself : I stand, with my cigar lit,  
Near the rhododendron clumps ;  
Odorous is the earth, the heaven's starlit,  
I am wearing evening pumps ;  
Dreams of youth arise : I almost pardon  
Belle, the fair and fickle flirt ;  
Should I even be here in the garden  
If the gravel walks were dirt ?

No, I should be playing cards or (may be)  
Billiards at the " Rose and Crown "—  
" Very sorry, James, I've missed a baby  
Cannon and I've sent you down ;  
Not my fault I couldn't find the jigger "—  
Now I stand stock-still and think  
How superbly fair her angel figure  
Sometimes looked in salmon-pink.

I'm of course alone ; but look at others :  
Down beside the gooseberry beds  
There are Mr. Jones and Miss Carruthers  
Putting very close their heads ;  
Sweet young things ; but, gracious ! if  
the weather  
Hadn't been so fine this year,  
Could they have been thrown so oft  
together ?  
No, it would have failed, I fear.

That's what does it : moonlight and the  
murmur  
Made by sympathetic trees ;  
Nothing can compare for binding firmer  
Amatory knots with these :  
Comes a kind of feyness after dinner  
When Selene lords the night  
(I remember, I proposed at Pinner,  
Years ago, on such a night).

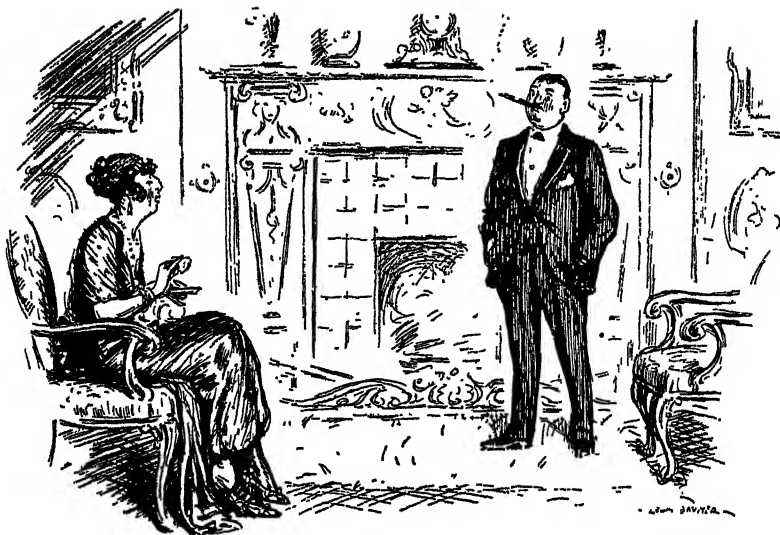
Nay, and even now, I am not certain ;  
In this atmosphere of balm,  
Ringed about by night's bejewelled  
curtain,  
Listening to the streamlet's psalm,  
Possibly I too might come out stronger,  
Feel again love's passion-swirl,  
If the fine spell lasts a little longer,  
If I meet some lovely girl.

EVOR





BALLET-MASTER TIME DIRECTING THE PAS DE QUATRE SAISONS



WIFE. "But why take a share in a *rough* shoot, George? Surely, with our money you could have got into a more refined one."

### Farewell to Summer

SUMMER, if now at length your time  
is through,

And, as occurs with lovers, we must  
part,

My poor return for all the debt, your due,  
Is just to say that you may keep my  
heart ;

Still warm with heat-waves rolling up the  
sky,

Its melting tablets mark in mid-  
September

Their record of the best three months  
that I

Ever remember.

I had almost forgotten how it felt

Not to awake at dawn to sweltering  
mirth,

And hourly modify my ambient belt  
To cope with my emaciated girth ;

It seems that always I have had to stay

My forehead's moisture with the fre-  
quent mopper,

And found my cheek assume from day to  
day

A richer copper.

Strange spells you wrought with your  
transforming glow !

O London drabness bathed in lucent  
heat !

O Mansions of the late Queen Anne, and  
O

Buckingham Palace (also Wimpole  
Street) !

O laughing skies traditionally sad !

O barometric forecasts never "rainy" !

O balmy days, and *noctes*, let me add,  
*Ambrosianæ* !

And if your weather brought the strikers  
 out  
 And turned to desert-brown the verdant  
 plot ;  
 If civic fathers, who are often stout,  
 Murmured at times, " This is a bit too  
 hot !"  
 If the slow blood of rural swains has  
 stirred  
 When stating what their views about  
 the crops is,  
 Or jammy lips have flung some bitter  
 word  
 At this year's wopses ;—

What then ? You may have missed the  
 happy mean,  
 But by excess of virtue's ample store,  
 Proving your lavish heart was over-keen,  
 And for that fault I love you yet the  
 more ;  
 Nay, had you been more temperate in  
 your zeal,  
 I should have lacked the best of all  
 your giving—  
 The thirst, the lovely thirst, that made  
 me feel  
 Life worth the living.

O. S.



HOSTESS (*trying to interest distinguished Foreign Guest*). "Everything we  
 have got for dinner is off the estate."  
 GUEST (*after deep thought*). "Ah, it make it verra cheap for you, yes."



#### THE TIFF

NATURE POET (*firmly*) "No, Jane, I don't care what it costs—I will *not* go back to Bloomsbury before the little crested sandpiper has discarded his summer plumage."

#### The Coming of Autumn

THE splendour of the Year has gone.  
The summer skies are overcast ;  
Down the dark slope the Year moves on  
To his dead fathers in the Past.

He hears no twittering from the eaves,  
Nor music from the haggard bough ;  
He stoops, and twines the fallen leaves  
Into a chaplet for his brow.

Beneath his shadow as he goes  
The last sad lily pines away ;  
The rose—the very royal rose—  
Drops, and is trampled in the clay.

O golden Summer merged in gloom,  
O glory of the land, adieu !  
Autumn has come, and I resume  
My yearly cold—Atish ! Ashoo !  
DUM-DUM

#### Signs of the Times

LEAVES upon the ground,  
Russet-red and yellow ;  
Apples that abound,  
Peaches, ripe and mellow ;

Pheasants—dying game—  
Mornings chill and sober—  
One and all proclaim :  
" Now it is October."




OWNER OF FLOODED BUNGALOW (to burglars). "I say, I suppose you know the law's very severe on piracy."


## The Rime of the Ancient Brigand-Chief



It was an ancient brigand-chief,  
And a horny eye had he,  
And the lethal weapons that lined his  
belt  
Would have stocked an armoury.

Around the camp-fire's ruddy glow  
His brigands sniffed the breeze ;  
Half-cock (or more) each stalwart bore  
His blunderbuss at ease.

Then up and spake that ancient sport :  
" I have a tale to tell—"   
The brigands sighed and yawned full  
wide,  
They knew the wheeze so well.

" It was September's opening day,  
To British sportsmen dear—"   
That was the way the tale began  
Steadily once a year ;

By his own request he told that geste,  
And they could not choose but hear.

" 'Tis fifty years ago to-day  
Sithence this thing occurred ;  
We sallied out a merry rout  
To slay the partridge bird.

" Brand-new my suit of Tartan check,  
Wrought of the Scots home-spun ;  
In brand-new boots I tramped the roots  
Beneath a brand-new gun.

" My eye was bright, my step was light,  
My heart was hot within,  
And all for a maid whose peerless love  
I rather hoped to win.

" She was a sporting damosel,  
Well knowing what was what,  
And had vowed she never would yield  
her hand  
(So I was given to understand)  
Save to a first-class shot.

" Therefore with many a prayer that I  
That day might earn renown,  
I blazed to right, I blazed to left,  
I blazed into the brown ;  
I blazed the livelong morning through,  
From 10.15 to nearly 2.0,  
But never a bird came down.



" We had reached the final turnip-  
 patch,  
 Nor yet had I tasted gore,  
 When lo ! a single bird arose  
 Immediately beneath my nose,  
 Of somewhat larger size than those  
 I had observed before.

" It was my chance ere luncheon brought  
 The ladies in its train ;  
 I gave the bird a yard or so,  
 Then, letting both my barrels go,  
 I blew the thing in twain.

" ' Ha ! ha ! ' I cried : but the guns replied  
 All down the line with ' Shame ! ' ;  
 It seems that I had felled to earth  
 A pheasant, young and tame ;  
 'Twas wrong, said they, such birds to  
 slay  
 Or ever October came.

" At lunch they laughed ; I even heard  
 My winsome lady howl ;  
 For on my platter they had spread  
 The sections, obviously dead,  
 Of that infernal fowl.

" Laughter and gibe from rude coarse  
 men  
 Ere now have made me curse ;  
 But to be mocked of one you love,  
 O that is far, far worse.

" My blood was up : I filled a cup  
 Full of the gold Rhine wine ;  
 Drank ' Death to bird and man and  
 beast ! ' "





"We had such a delightful holiday at a little place—Diddleham-on-Sea. Absolutely unspoilt!"

"Didn't you find it dull?"

"Oh, no. We had our motor. We only slept there."

And straightway left that grisly feast  
With never a farewell sign.

"Thenceforth I swore all living things  
Should lie beneath my ban;  
I swore to seek some larger clime  
Where I could kill, with no close time  
For bird or beast or man.

"Comrades! In these Circassian parts  
Where life runs fairly cheap,  
With Tartar and Turk and Jew for game  
Have I not purged my ancient shame?  
Say!" But the brigands said no word  
By way of comment upon the bird,  
Being, in fact, asleep.

O. S.





CLIENT. "How is it oysters are so much better in cold weather?"  
BAR TENDER. "I dunno, Sir; I suppose it's because they pulls their-  
selves together."



#### AUTUMN SALES

SHOPWALKER. "Anything I can do for you, Madam?"

LADY. "Yes, hold the baby and give me a fair chance."

#### Tempering the Wind . . .

ONCE more, the season having arrived when autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods, woman grows introspective. Her thoughts are set on a new winter coat. It is true that she did not mean to have another one this year, intending to make last season's model serve once again. Women indeed are always striving towards these acts of self-sacrifice, and if the arbiters of fashion determine to thwart us what can we do?

The advent of the new roll collar and barrel cuffs is the cause of our resolutions crashing this year. It led me into the exclusive *atelier* and placed at my temporary disposal the services of a highly-superior being clad in satin *beauté*—and enveloped in an aura of refinement.

"I am going to show you our very latest *modèle*, Madam—it only arrived this morning," she murmured. "Most exclusive."

She then enfolded me in the *modèle*. Certainly it looked rather nice. "What is the trimming?" I inquired.

She gave an enigmatic smile. "That, Madam, is fashion's latest note—shaved lamb."

Shaved lamb! I'd no idea that lambs shaved. And why this perplexing aspect of the resultant trimming, which was long and straight? Even if you are town-bred you know by sight the close and tight little curls of a lamb's covering. Abandoning this problem, I now inquired, "How does the coat fasten?"

"But, Madam, do you not observe? The *recherchés modèles* this year do not fasten. One holds them together. One clings, you know."

This was disconcerting news. I can only hope the idea won't spread to the rest of our wardrobe. Even with a coat how can one satisfactorily cling to it when standing holding parcels in a crowded tube or running for a bus at the rush hour?

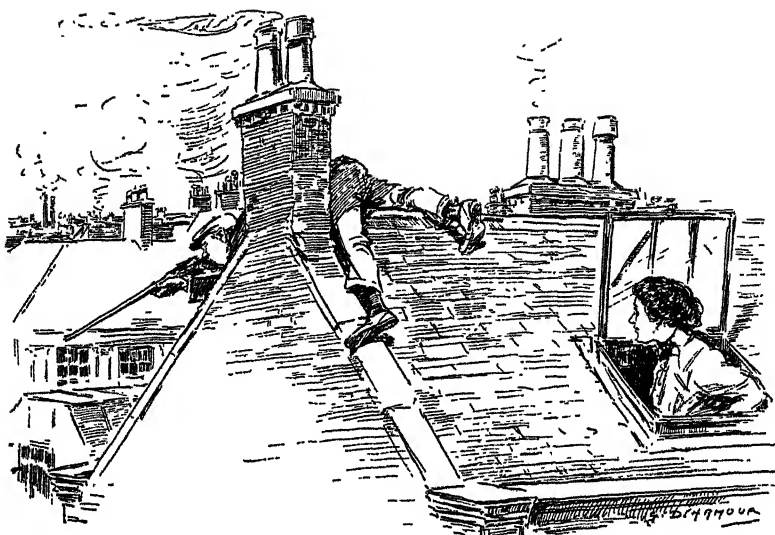
I was careful to hide these squalid thoughts from the assistant, however. With wonderful delicacy she had managed to convey her belief that I had a chauffeur, that whenever I took my jaunts abroad I had at least one hand permanently free to cling, untrammelled even by an umbrella.

"You look superb in that coat, Madam," she said, returning to the attack. "It was built for you. And with the chic note of the shaved lamb roll collar . . . Indeed, you will not see another like it. It is unique."



#### AUTUMN IN SUBURBIA

LADY (to Friend). "My dear, such changeable weather. One really does not know what to wear under one's fur-coat!"



This has nothing to do with the invasion of London, being merely young Smithers (who has received an invitation to a deer forest) practising taking aim under what he supposes would be, as nearly as possible, actual conditions.

So, it seemed to me, was the price. But what joy it would be to set a new fashion ; to belong (if only temporarily) to the select and leisured class of women who cling to their coats !

I tottered out of the *atelier* on the brink of an overdraft, but content.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Please, 'm, if it's not troubling you, I'd like to show you my new winter coat," remarked Elizabeth.

I smiled benignly, for I am a believer in a friendly understanding between mistress and maid. And as the good honest creature proudly displayed the garment—of a raw shade of grass green—I managed to repress a shudder and even broke into expressions of admiration.

" It 'asn't got no buttons neither," she explained. " That's the latest ideer. If you want to be chick you just 'ang on to it, it seems. Do you like the new trimmin', 'm ? "

Looking closer I now observed that some indefinite brown substance, a sort of combination of seaweed and a woollen mat, was clinging to the collar and cuffs of the unspeakable garment.

" It's the very newest ideer, 'm—a shaved lamb roll collar. At first it sounded to me like something to eat, but the young lady in the shop sed it was fashion's larst word."

F. A. K.

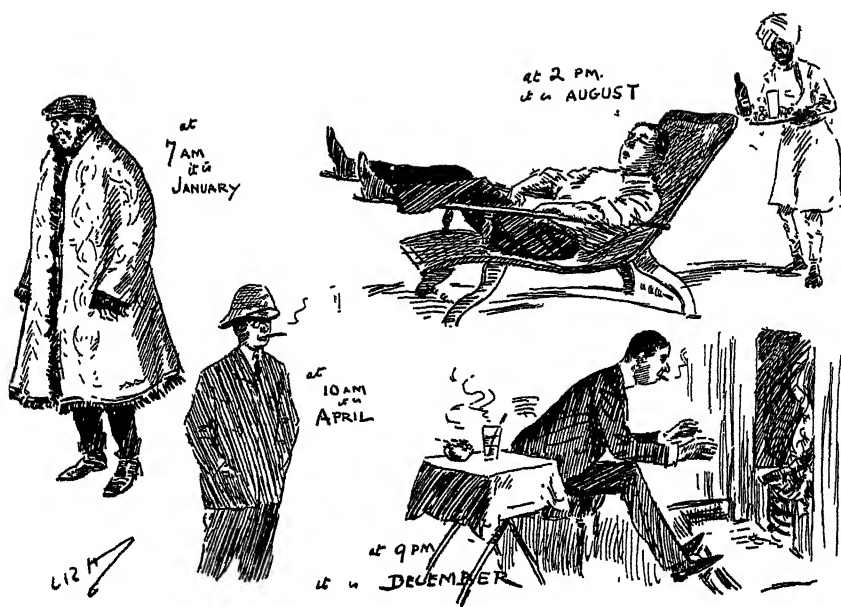


### BRIGHTER HUNTING

Only a few people know or care what they hunt. Why not eliminate the old-fashioned fox and its unseemly end, rewarding the pack with sugar or something more palatable, and teaching them to receive it politely?



HUNTSMAN (of very slow harriers). "'Old 'ard, please! Give 'em plenty of time."  
YOUNG FARMER. "Better 'urry up, Charles, or the 'are 'll be overlappin' you."



#### VARIETY

EXTRACT FROM A GLOBE-TROTTER'S CORRESPONDENCE:—"Dear Jack, —You talk about the changeableness of the weather at home, but even in the shiny East we get a few samples in the course of twenty-four hours, as above."

### Autumn Nights

POETS have hymned the nights of  
June that fair and faery are,  
Nights when the sunlight lingers late,  
banishing moon and star ;  
When the lily and rose are scarce asleep  
ere the new day's clarions ring ;  
When the dark is short and the day is  
long and the shining sun is king.

But one who has wandered over the world  
by East and South and West,  
He knows the worth of a friendly face  
and he finds old friends the best ;

And so when the roses of June are done  
right welcome he extends  
To the darkling nights of the autumn tide  
that fill the sky with friends.

For men are many and prone to change  
and the trusted men betray,  
And the sunniest day is a thankless thing  
with the faces of friends away ;  
And he who has wandered over the world  
fearful of men must grow,  
And gives his heart to the stars above and  
a darkened earth below.

For whether a tramp on the hills of Home  
 where the heather oceans heave,  
 Or bucketing South by the Bitter Lakes  
 at the end of a vanished leave,  
 Let men be bountiful or deny, let daylight  
 dazzle or dim,  
 Vega and Rigel and Regulus will keep their  
 tryst with him.

Whether it's green seas west of Galle or  
 the wet woods of Tavoy,  
 Whether the crests of the Nilgiris or the  
 beaches of Minikoi,

Whether the dawn be merry or sad, the  
 day bring profit or loss,  
 There will not fail when the dark comes  
 down the Centaur and the Cross.

Wherefore do wandering men rejoice in  
 the nights of a northern June,  
 But—bearing in mind that Junes are  
 short and that winter followeth soon,  
 That faces are many and friends are few  
 and the life men live is lone—  
 Are well content with the darkling nights  
 that bring back into their own  
 The old companions set in the sky, re-  
 membered friends and known.

H. B.



LADY (*at her first otter hunt*). "What's happened now?"  
 M.O.H. "They've caught him."  
 LADY. "Oh, how horrible! I only came out because I was told you never by any  
 chance killed an otter."

## The Hallowe'en Party

IN the middle of dinner Josephine clapped her hands.

"Oh," she cried, "I've got a lovely idea! I've just remembered what date it is. Let's make this a Hallowe'en party."

Stephen only smiled indulgently; but then he is married to Josephine, and she is always having lovely ideas. The rest of us were enthusiastic but vague. What were we supposed to do?

"Oh, I don't know," said Josephine. "Roast nuts, and so on. We'll look it up."

So we unearthed a copy of Burns's poems and turned to "Hallowe'en." Josephine began to read, but her tongue stumbled and her brow puckered.

"Then straught or crooked, yird or nane,  
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;  
The vera wee things, todlin', rin,  
Wi' stocks out owre their shoulther. . . ."

Josephine is an Englishwoman.

"This," she announced, "is a hopeless poem."

"Try the footnotes," I suggested. "So often they're the best part of a book."



*Scene: Any expensive London Restaurant.*

"Thank Heaven we shall be in the South of France next week. Won't it be topping to see English faces again?"





CONVERSATIONALIST. "Extraordinary crime wave we're having—er—ah—for the time of year."

The footnotes were at any rate intelligible, and Josephine's spirits rose again.

"Now, then, are you all ready? 'The first ceremony of Hallowe'en is pulling each a stock or plant of kail.' That seems a bit difficult in London. Unless," she added hopefully, "we all went out into the King's Road and pulled them off a barrow."

"No," said Stephen quite firmly. "Try another."

"'Go out to the barn and take both doors off their hinges. . . .' There again, we haven't got a barn.' I know—what about the garage?"

"That wouldn't count," said Stephen, who loves his garage. "Besides, it's a sliding door."

"Well, we can do the nut one, anyway. You name nuts after two of the people present, and if they don't burn quietly side by side in the fire it means they're going to have an awful row with each other in the near future."

But at this point she evidently remembered that Bill and Helen Brendon were present. "No, perhaps that's rather dull," she went on hurriedly. "Here's another: 'Take the opportunity of going unnoticed to a beanstack and fathom it three times round. . . .'"

"Now, I ask you," said Stephen patiently, "are there any beanstacks in



#### THE WHITE LINE

FIRST REVELLER. "We're quite all ri' now. If anything happens *they* get the blame."

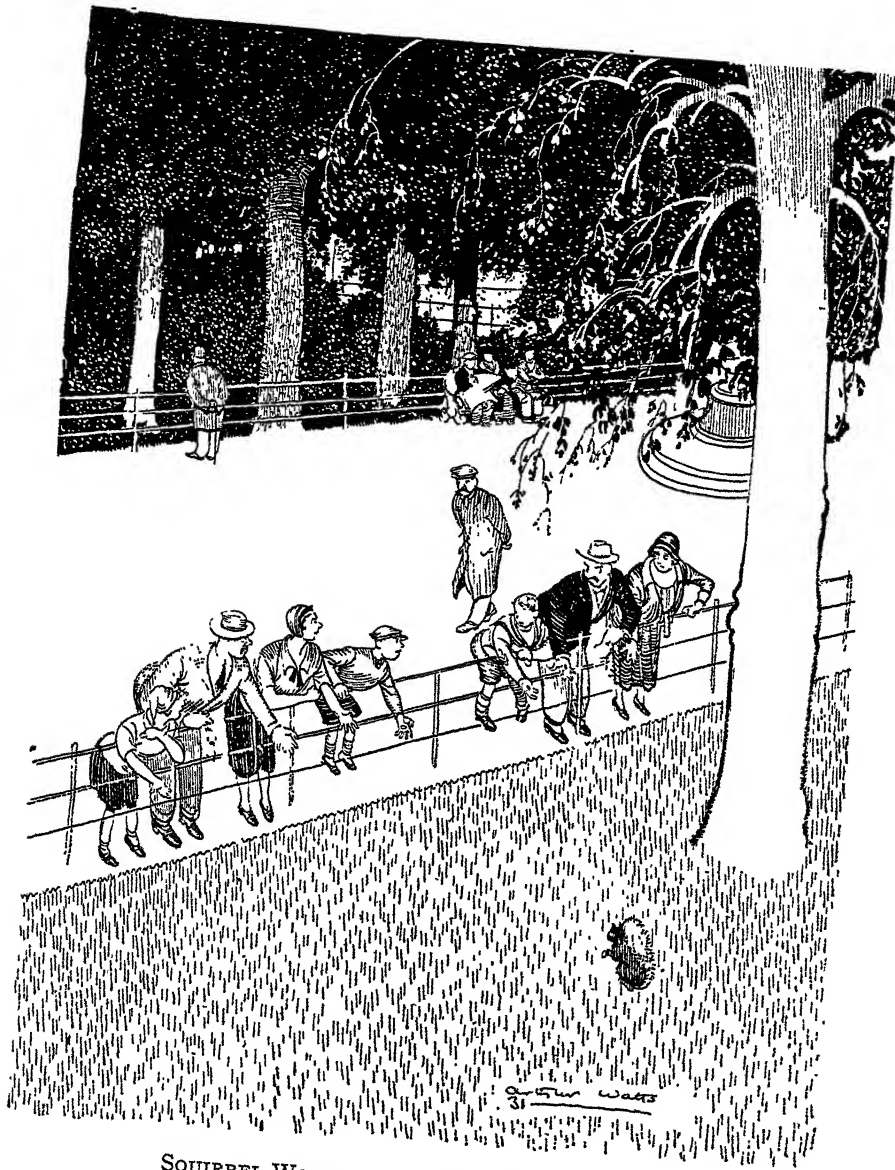
London? And, if there were, could you possibly go prancing round one without being made the object of remark? Here, give me the book and I'll find one. 'Sit in front of a looking-glass holding a lighted candle in one hand and eating an apple out of the other. The face of your future spouse will appear in the glass peeping over your shoulder.' "

"But we're all married," Bill Brendon objected.

"In these enlightened days," said Helen Brendon brightly, "there are always possibilities."

"But in these enlightened days," said Stephen smoothly, "there is also a complete lack of candles."

"Well, I suppose we'd better play bridge after all," said Josephine with a sigh. "But it *was* a lovely idea all the same."



SQUIRREL-WORSHIP: INTER-TRIBAL JEALOUSY



#### WEATHER NOTE

TRAMP. "Could yer 'elp a pore feller wot's seen better days?"  
 CRUSTY OLD GENT. "Seen better days, have you? Well, I quite believe it. I've seen better days myself!"

#### "Logs to Burn"

*"Logs to burn ; logs to burn ;  
 Logs to save the coal a turn."*

**H**ERE'S a word to make you wise  
 When you hear the wood-man's  
 cries ;

Never heed his usual tale  
 That he has splendid logs for sale,  
 But read these lines and really learn  
 The proper kinds of logs to burn.

Oak logs will warm you well  
 If they're old and dry ;  
 Larch logs of pine woods smell,  
 But the sparks will fly.  
 Beech logs for Christmas-time,  
 Yew logs heat well ;  
 "Scotch" logs it is a crime  
 For anyone to sell.

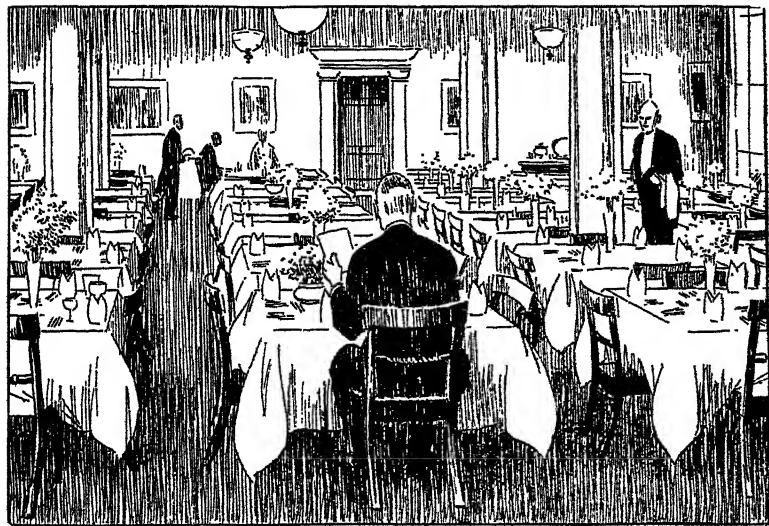
Birch logs will burn too fast,  
 Chestnut scarce at all ;  
 Hawthorn logs are good to last  
 If cut in the Fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax,  
 You should burn them green ;  
 Elm logs like smouldering flax,  
 No flame to be seen.  
 Pear logs and apple logs,  
 They will scent your room ;  
 Cherry logs across the dogs  
 Smell like flowers in bloom.  
 But Ash logs, all smooth and grey,  
 Burn them green or old ;  
 Buy up all that come your way,  
 They're worth their weight in gold.

## The Ways of the English Hotel



After one has been allotted, as a tremendous favour, the last available bedroom—



It is surprising how little overcrowding there is at meals.

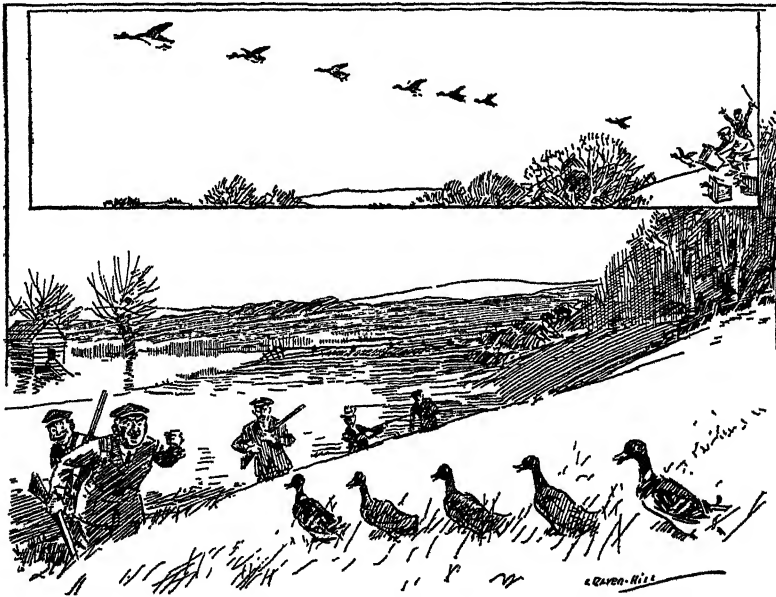
## The Weather Nuisance

WHEN hints of Spring are in the air  
I never know what clothes to wear,  
For if I put my thickest frieze on  
The sun comes blazing out of season ;  
And if I wear a flannel suit  
He never shows himself, the brute !  
Then usually in the Spring  
It blows and rains like anything,  
Except when I decide to don  
A coat for it to rain upon.

And if I seek a patch of shade  
With rugs and books and lemonade  
The midges gather, swarm on swarm,  
To browse on my recumbent form.  
No words could represent to you  
The damage that a midge can do ;  
In fact, throughout this season (which  
Amounts to one incessant itch),  
I scratch continually and pray  
For one cool, midgeless Winter day.

Some like their Summer scorching hot,  
And others (such as I) do not.  
I suffer from the dust and glare,  
And wasps pursue me everywhere ;

Although it isn't quite so torrid  
I find the Autumn pretty horrid  
What bard is there but inly grieves  
To watch the falling of the leaves ?



The upper picture represents the "sporting shots" which the Squire hoped to obtain by rearing wild duck and flying them from the top of the hill; the lower one represents the inglorious reality.



A. TO B. } (simultaneously). { "Bit warmer to-day, isn't it?"  
 B. TO A. } { "Bit colder to-day, isn't it?"  
 BOTH. "Yes, isn't it?"

Then the anxiety of dressing  
 (As in the Spring) is most distressing.  
 Whatever Autumn clothes you buy  
 You're sure to heave a heavy sigh  
 And wonder why on earth you've bought  
 'em—  
 Oh, it's a shocking time, is Autumn !

Whenas the days are drawing in  
 And strenuous pursuits begin  
 I raise a loud, a bitter cry—  
 " Why must there be a Winter ? Why ?"  
 This is the worst of all the seasons  
 For many most unpleasant reasons :

The burden of a scarlet nose  
 Which daily more suggestive grows ;  
 The clamminess of Winter golf ;  
 The other fellow's caddie's cough ;  
 The way it's always sure to snow  
 But somehow never does, you know ;  
 And, oh ! the miserable cold,  
 When I would barter wealth untold  
 For that inestimable treat,  
 One day of Summer's genial heat.

\* \* \* \* \*

The truth is this, that altogether  
 I do not care for any weather.



"Good morning, Miss Smith. Rather a heavy fall of—



SNOW!"

## Retrospect

(On Receiving an Anglers' Price-List)

WHAT a view from my windows!  
Curse London in winter!

"Further Outlook: None issued."  
Come, chuck on a log.

So reach me that price-list, fresh come  
from the printer,

A balm to the burden of rain and of  
fog.

How these pages in colour of flies, trout  
and salmon

Bring visions of heather, of rocks wet  
with spray,

Blythe John, my old gillie, his "Och!"  
and his "Gran', maun!"

Of skies patched with gold and of hills  
bluey grey!

Here's the Red Quill I used on the burns  
of the Orchy,

Smell the breeze from the shielings, the  
reek of the peat;

And there the white Coachman, brown-  
bodied and pawky,

A fly for May evenings and dam hard  
to beat.

Turn over the pages. Are salmon now  
leaping?

Oh, look ye—Black Doctor, Dunkeld  
and Jock Scott!

So memory aid. Hear the young plovers  
cheeping,

See a line run its length o'er the tail of  
the "Pot."

Varnished rods (work of artists) with reels  
to their matching.

Lines tapered and silk-dressed; a bag  
or a creel;

Silver spoons, pale and gleaming, with a  
"priest" for despatching;

Stout waders and brogues that are  
hobbed sole and heel;

So thank you, good pages; my thanks  
for the pleasure

Of letting me tramp now by river, now  
burn;

Though a memory only, it's one I shall  
treasure

Till my steps in mid-April a-north-  
wards I turn.

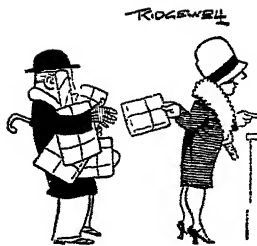




If you go shopping—



This Christmas—



With your husband—



It is well to remember that quite a lot of people will be doing the same thing.



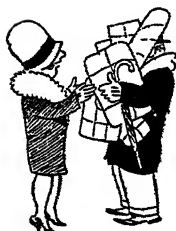
Because nothing—



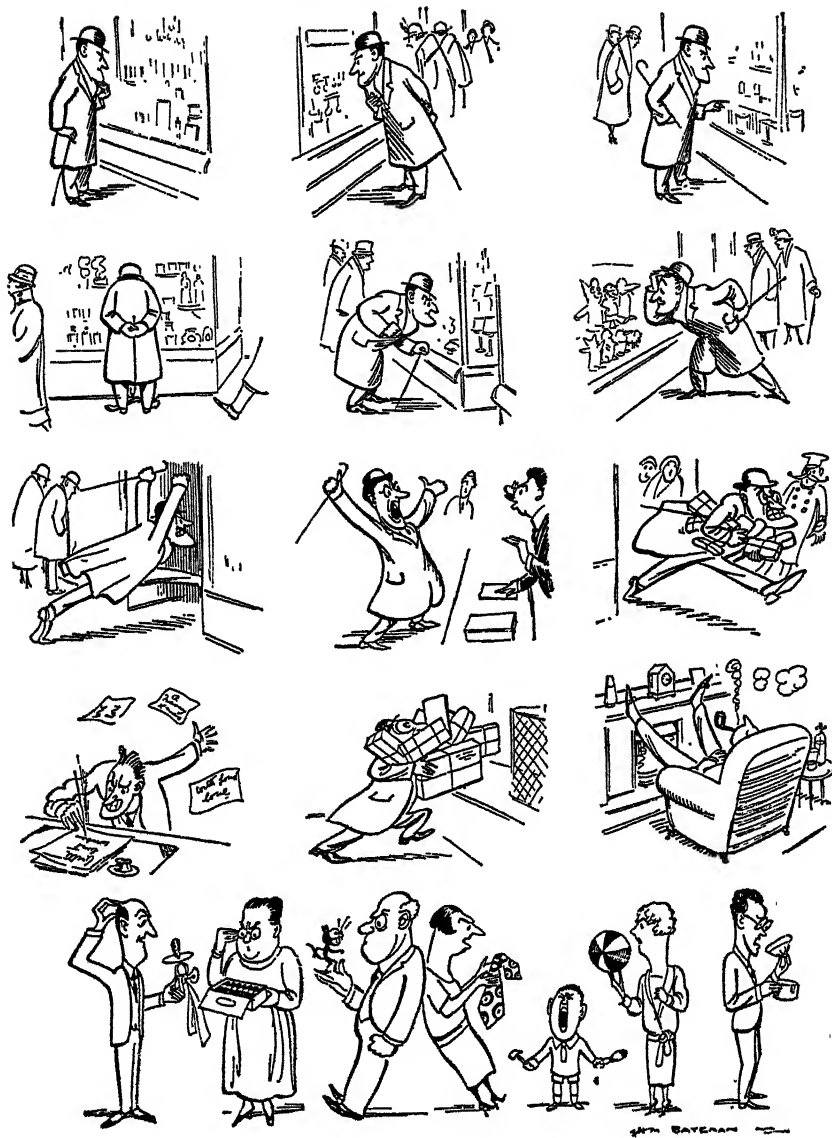
Is so awkward—



As to get—



All the way home and then discover you've got hold of the wrong husband!



SUITABLE GIFTS



Aunt Beatrix buys  
cigars as a present to  
Father—



—Who accepts them with perfunctory thanks.



Opening them—



With apprehension—



And misgivings—



He decides to take the risk—



And all goes well!



Beata Beatrix!

ANOTHER TRADITION BROKEN



"C-could you chat with me for a bit, Miss? They've p-put me in the Haunted Room."

### Big Claus and Little Claus

IT was particularly annoying that my wife should have a violent cold just when she had promised to give her niece Juliet a day among the Christmas shops. In the end I had to act as deputy, though I am frightened of all children, even of Juliet, who has the reputation for being old-fashioned and has not yet overthrown any of her nursery idols.

When I reached her home on the dreadful day, Juliet was ready and jumping, but before we were allowed to depart my sister-in-law hustled me into the drawing-room.

"You'll find her the *quaintest* companion," she told me. "Of course, I wouldn't *dream* of lending her to most people."

I tried to look grateful, and Marion continued: "Juliet is so *sensitive*; that's why I am going to ask you to say nothing that could *possibly* destroy her faith in Santa Claus. She is talking so much about him just now. It is so lovely to feel that she is not at all a *modern* child, and I want to keep her *just* as she is, still believing *utterly* in fairies and Santa Claus."

I promised that I would keep Juliet's illusions intact.

In the crowded Tube Juliet asked many embarrassing questions about Santa Claus. At the entrance to the Toy Department at Stanton's we were

met by a rather mangy-looking specimen who took half-a-crown off me and gave Juliet a sixpenny toy from the branch of a spruce tree.

"I thought you said Santa Claus was a big *fat* man," remarked Juliet as we went out into the street.

"So he is as a rule, but I expect he's been starving himself like Mummy does when she wants to get thin."

"Why?"

"So that he won't stick in the chimneys, of course!" I replied triumphantly. Juliet smiled a faint approval.

We walked on to another shop, and there we saw a second Santa Claus. He was a very fat man, and he was sitting in a sleigh loaded with parcels. One of these cost me another half-crown.

"How has he got here so quickly?" asked Juliet.

"Can't you see his sleigh?" I said.

"Well, why has his nose grown so *tippy* when it was hookey before?"

"Hush! he'll hear you."

"And how has he got fat so quickly?" she asked in a penetrating whisper.

"I expect he's fatter," I replied, "because he's just eaten an enormous dinner. And that reminds me that it's quite time we had ours. Come on!"

We had lunch in another shop. I tried to prolong the meal with cream meringues and ices, until I saw a very thin, ghostly-looking Santa Claus come



THE EDITOR. "Starting rather early, aren't you?"  
THE WAIT. "Well, wot abaht your Christmas number?"



WIFE (*consulting lists of presents*). "There, we've got them all except Uncle Horace's. Now what shall we buy him?"  
 HUSBAND. "What about a really smart little collar-stud?"

dithering through the open door-way of the restaurant. Then I urged Juliet to hurry.

"You can't be quick over ices," she said pathetically. "If you *are*, they make your nose ache."

Then of course she noticed Santa Claus, who was visiting every table that had a child occupant.

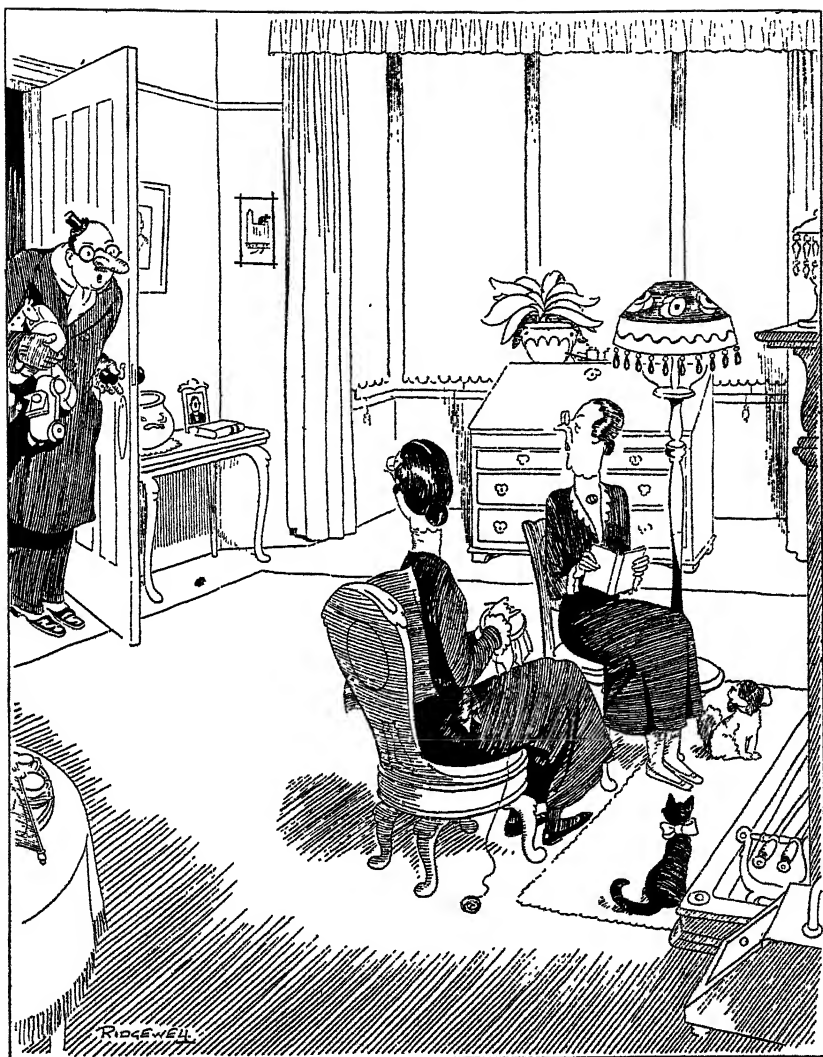
"Here he comes again," she said brightly. "I know. I'll write him a note *now*. It'll be much better than putting it up the chimney; besides, Mummy always makes me ask him for such *little* things. Did you know that Santa Claus always gives you the presents you write and ask him for?"

I felt quite cheerful again after I had read Juliet's note, which began, "Dear Santa Claus, will you please bring me a great HUGE dolls'-house for Christmas." I knew my sister-in-law's stinginess. She should pay for the bolstering of Juliet's faith.

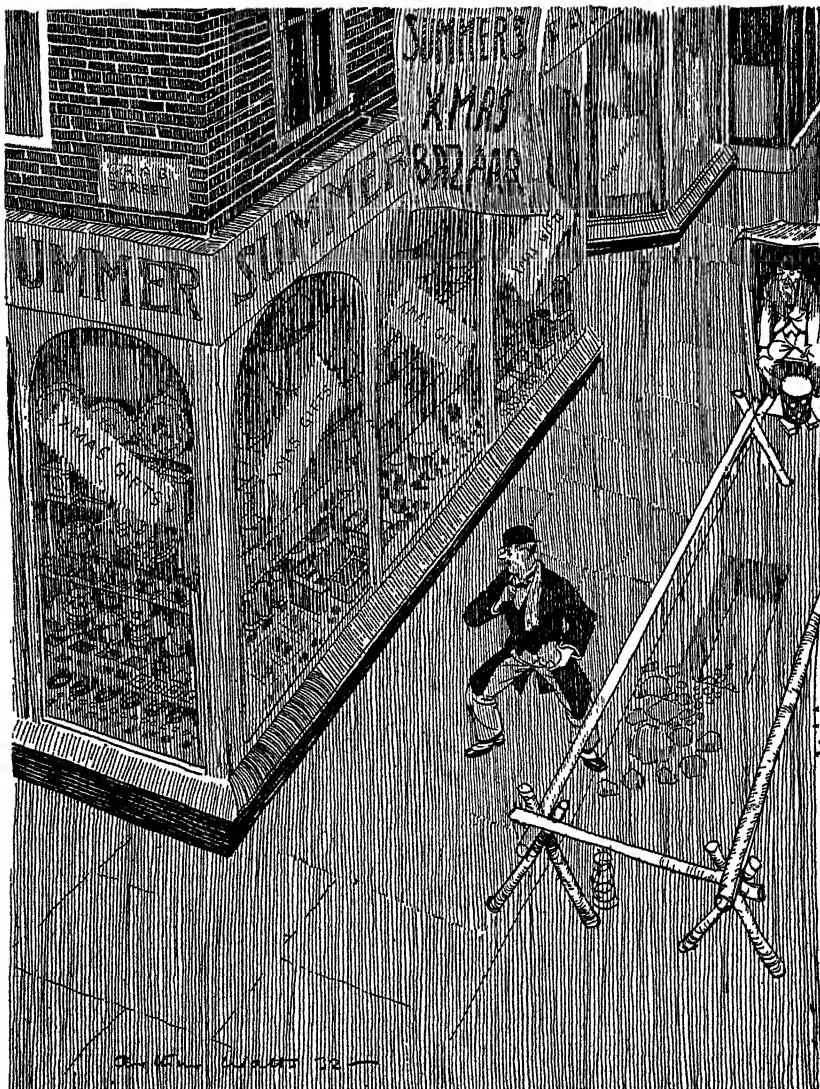
Then, as Santa Claus approached us, the child began again.

"If he's had a big dinner, why does he look so thin and scraggly *now*?"

"He's been sick," I said firmly; "he's been very, very sick because of



THE UNCLE WHO TOOK THE WRONG TURNING



. TEMPTATION .

Or, the man who remembered too late that he had forgotten to buy his wife  
a Christmas Present.





LEADER OF WAITS. "'Ere, Bill, go a bit steady. That sounded more like 'iccups.'"

INDIGNANT ARTISTE. "What d'yer mean—'sounded like 'iccups'? That *was* 'iccups.'"

the dinner. He wouldn't like you to talk about it, so leave the note on the table. He'll find it. Yes, of course he will."

I paid the bill and dragged Juliet away.

"Is Santa Claus often sick?" she asked loudly as we moved off.

"I don't know."

"Could he be sick when he's filling the stockings?"

"I expect so."

"Into the stockings?"

I didn't answer.

"I think I feel sick myself," said Juliet; "I often *do* after ices."

Like the companion of the other Juliet, I felt, "I must begone and live, or stay and die." I took a taxi, and when we were in it I began to appreciate the mystery of children as I had never done before. The jolting made Juliet feel better.

As we stopped in a traffic-block, she shouted, "Look! There are *seven* Santa Clauses!"

I looked, and I saw marching past us, like the seven devils who are worse than the first, seven sandwich-men ; each was dressed as Santa Claus.

" You said there was only *one* Santa Claus," cried Juliet. " You said it in the Tube."

" There *is* only one."

" But I can *see* seven !"

" When people have been feeling sick after ices," I said slowly, " they often see double. I expect you are seeing seven times now !" Luckily that was good enough for Juliet. I began to feel a success with children.

The feeling did not last, for when we had got back and I was slaking my weary throat in my brother-in-law's company, I could hear Juliet shouting confidences to her mother in the next room.

" First he said Father Christmas was fat and then he said he was thin, and then he said he'd been sick after a big dinner !"

It didn't sound well, as Juliet told it.

Half-an-hour later I bore my sister-in-law's reproaches. I tried to explain, but Marion is a hard talker.



"Th-this w-winter b-b-bathing isn't w-what it was—v-v-vapid, I c-call it. Haven't t-t-taken a header into the ice for y-y-years!"



THE TAILOR'S SON MAKES A SNOW-MAN

"How could you be so *coarse*," she said, "about—about Santa Claus and the stockings."

It was then that I made my coup. I told Marion about Juliet's written request for the "great, huge dolls'-house."

"And," I added sarcastically, "the dear child mustn't be disillusioned."

"How *sweet* of you!" cried Marion. "As soon as you send the dolls'-house I'll hide it in the attic till Christmas morning."



### OUR SLEUTHS

C.I.D. man outwits a burglar by means of a clever disguise.

### Dialogue in December

**M**R. MAN. Oh, Mr. Thrush, what a song you sing !  
 Never a passer-by but  
 cocks his  
 Eye to the orchard which  
 you ring  
     With a roundelay  
     On a winter day  
 As if you'd springtime over  
 the way  
 And little Miss April had  
 come to stay  
     With her green and her  
     gold band-boxes.

*Mr. Thrush.* But amn't I right to sing a song  
     When the days are dark  
     and a song amazes ?  
 Don't the gold ghost daffo-  
 dils chime ding-dong  
     In each bubbly note  
     Of my bursting  
     throat

Till you catch the rustle—  
     not too remote—  
 Of little Miss April's petti-  
 coat  
 And the chink of her  
 chain of daisies ?

*Mr. Man.* Good Mr. Thrush, but of  
 course you're right,  
 And a song sung now finds  
 a thousand thankers  
 For one who'll turn when  
 your orchard's white ;  
     So lift your head  
     To our skies of lead  
 And fill 'em with gold to  
 wake the dead,  
 Or little Miss April a-bed,  
 a-bed,  
 Her daisy-chain down at  
 her bankers.

P. R. C.



LEADER OF WAITS (to Master of House summoned by the bell from the joys of wireless). "Me and my party can't do no justice to our carols, Sir, except you stop your loud-speaker."

## Honest Christmas Cards

IN spite of every discouragement from practical people, the Christmas card continues to serve as a medium for the conveyance of stereotyped messages of seasonable sentiment or for the expression of wishes which sender and recipient alike know to be impossible of fulfilment. "May every bliss be yours!" What kind of a hope is that to send by post, with a picture of a robin, to a confirmed pessimist like myself?

Having observed a card illustrated with a picture of a cemetery by moonlight, I thought of sending it to a deadly old bore of my acquaintance, but was baulked of my jest by the words:—

"My thoughts are winging o'er the sea  
To carry all my heart to thee!"

Why shouldn't some publisher make a fortune by producing really honest cards for the use of people who hate humbug? Let the picture be anything—it won't matter if the text has bite.



LADY (*interrupting butler's flirtation*). "Really, Clarkson, what an example!"  
BUTLER. "I crave your pardon, my lady, but the young person is always saying, 'Do unbend, Mr. Clarkson'; and, being the festive season, my lady—I unbent."



#### UNDER THE MISTLETOE

No, the lady is only giving directions to the taxi-man.

I suggest the following as the kind of thing for stopping the annual dribble of cards from undesired acquaintances :—

You sent a card to me last year,  
You will remember ; it's  
An idiotic custom ; here  
Is mine, and now we're quits.

Again we need a card which would enable the sender to observe the conventional custom without committing him to anything further :—

I have no special wish to meet you,  
Though from a distance thus I greet you  
With adequate sincerity ;  
You are quite right if you expect  
That all approaches would be checked  
With something like asperity.

Then there should be cards for people whom, though the tyranny of social



#### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

CUSTOMER. "All these seem very expensive: can't you suggest something cheaper?"

SHOPMAN (*with views on commercial morality*). "Certainly, Madam. I could suggest a piece of thin paper and a comb!"

convention compels us to take some notice of them, we regard with loathing, thus :—

Since Charity as well as Mirth  
Should now prevail upon the earth,  
We all must struggle to forget  
Dislike of reptiles we have met ;  
And therefore, though I find it hard,  
I send this inexpensive card.

Here again is one which, amongst the fearlessly honest, should have an enormous sale :—

To be just seasonably pleasant  
I send, as cheaper than a present,  
A card, which also suits me better  
Than wasting time upon a letter.

As there will always be plenty of hideous designs on the card-market,



why not have some with words to suit, after this manner ?—

This thing's a horror, I'm aware,  
But then you have no sense of beauty ;  
For better art you wouldn't care ;  
So here's this muck , I've done my duty.

Many of us hate the idea of our good wishes being shared by the life-partner of an old friend. We want posies to meet such cases.

Thus, for a husband :—

I've really liked you all my life,  
So send a card to say  
I hope you'll have, despite your wife,  
A tolerable day.

For a wife :—

Christmas should be a cheerful time  
Without one blot to dim it ;  
So poison James—'twould be no crime ;  
He's always been the limit.



#### THE FESTIVE SEASON

"By Jove! Jones is keen on the old customs! They're just carrying in a Yule-log to his place. (Pause) No, I'm wrong—it's Jones."



MAID. "The waits *insist* on seeing you, Sir."

MASTER. "What did you tell them?"

MAID. "I told them it was hardly worth their while."

I think too that there should be verses that voice a reasonable and simple wish of whose fulfilment there is a possibility. This sort of thing :—

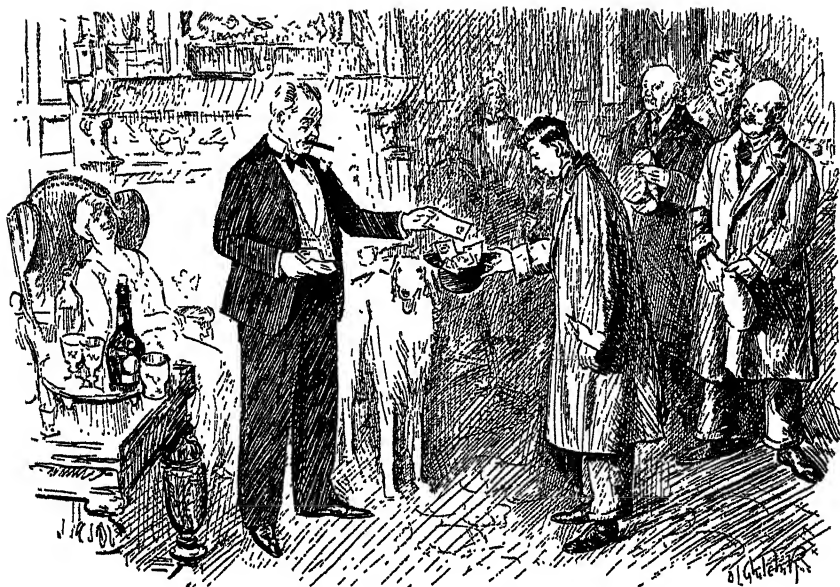
You're middle-aged, and I shall not  
Convey the customary rot,  
But breathe a hope that care and diet  
May keep the old dyspepsia quiet.

Finally, with a really horrid cheap card the following might serve to terminate a friendship that has grown wearisome :—

No doubt you'll be asking, "What motive explains  
The card that this hypocrite sends?"  
It's due to the chance that the packet contains  
One more than I need for my friends!

W. K. H.





HOSPITABLE MILLIONAIRE (*rewarding waits*). "Say when!"

## Christmas Presents

I NEVER seem to get the right sort of Christmas present for my menfolk. They don't complain, of course, but they regard my offerings with a sort of forced gaiety of manner, an ebullition of gratitude which does not ring true.

Why do I always choose the wrong thing? Because at Christmas time the hand of man is against me. Let me give you an example of my unhappy experiences at this season.

I go into an establishment dedicated to men's wear—not without trepidation, for we are just as shy, O men, of entering one of your shops as you are of appearing in ours.

"I want to buy a present for a man," I confide to the rather nice-looking youth behind the counter.

"Certainly, Madam. This is the department for woven underwear. What can I show you?" he asks, fingering a bifurcated garment.

I blush—isn't it silly of me?—and dive to another counter. I am received by a grave pompous man.

"I want a present for my husband—will you please suggest something?" I say pleadingly.

Now if that assistant had not a heart of stone, if he had any trace of humanity, or even the faintest spark of pity for me in my dilemma, he would at once tell me the sort of thing men require ; but no, he is hard, inexorable, adamant.

" Here is the very thing," he says with a Machiavellian smile, " our handsomely fitted all-leather stud case, 37s. 6d., containing a stud for every day in the year and obviating the daily annoyance of lost studs. I should strongly advise this."

He advises it, you see ; yet that assistant, away from his counter, may be a humane man ; he may be full of the milk of human kindness, an amiable father, a conscientious husband. " No gentleman can do without it," he adds emphatically.

" It seems too much like encouraging a bad habit," I protest. " Can you suggest something more useful ?"

" Certainly, Madam. A box of ties of various shades and suitable for every occasion. The gentleman has quiet tastes, I presume ?"

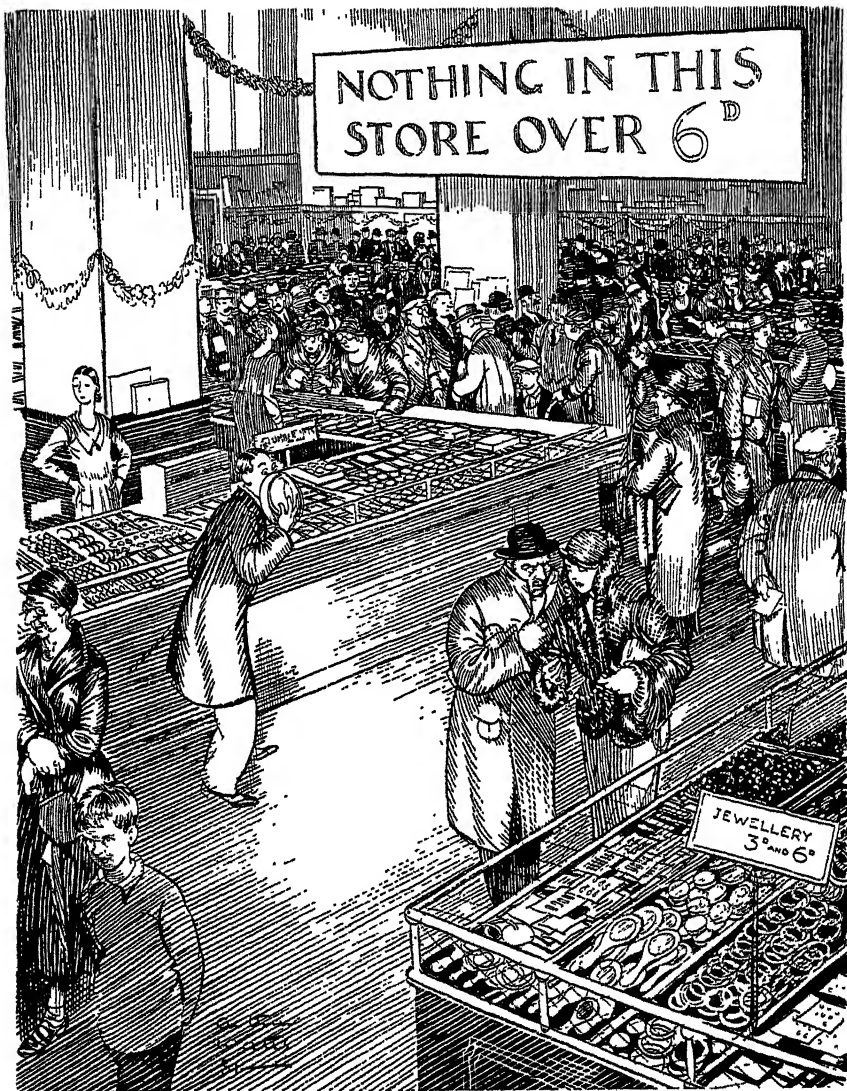
I wonder if he presumes that by looking at me. " Not too quiet," I correct.

" Then these are the very newest designs, Madam."

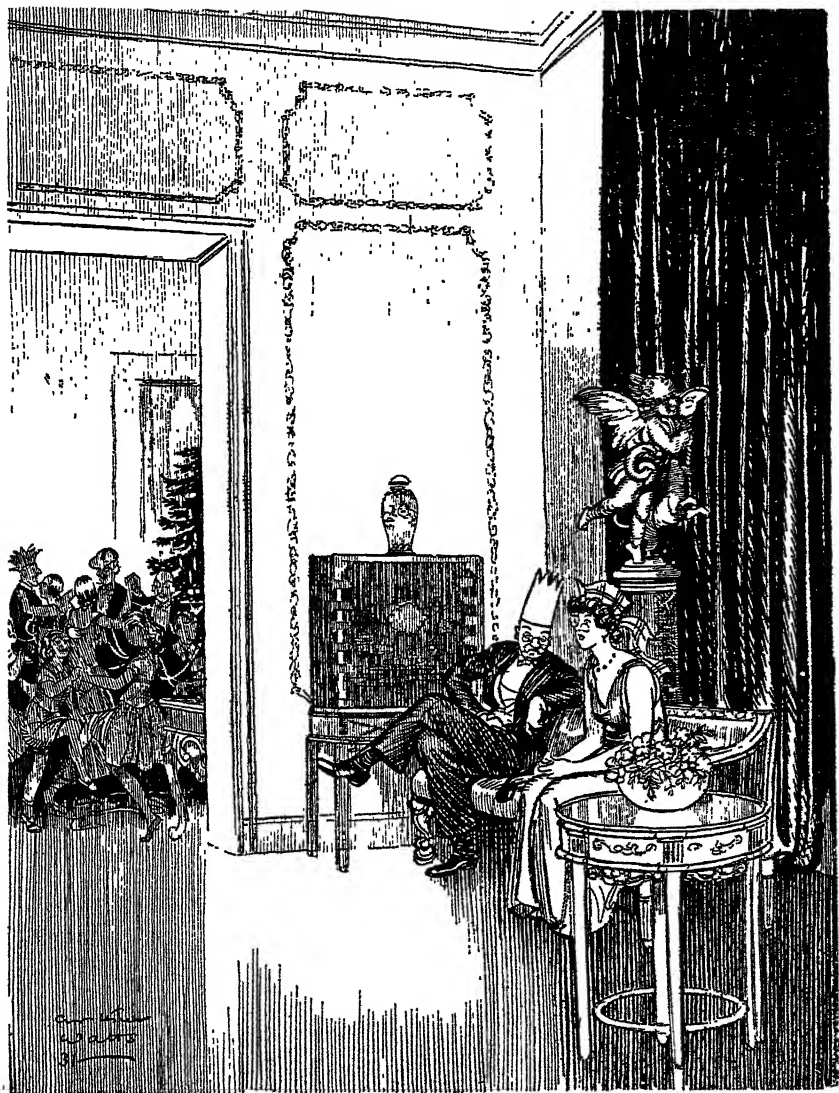
I start back in dismay. " But he's not so noisy as that. Haven't you something less—resonant ?"



"Oh, George, the flowers I'm wearing have just come and they're heavenly. Smell."

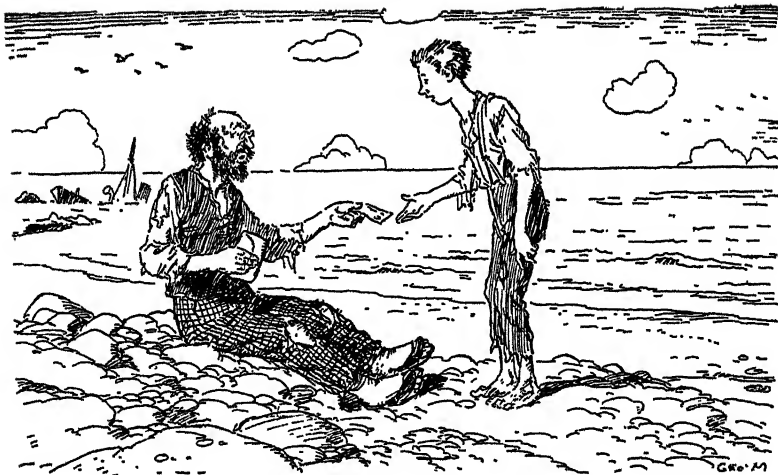


"Noticed Lord and Lady B—— this morning choosing Christmas presents in a famous West-end Store."



SEASONABLE CONVERSATION

"What always fascinates me, of course, is the underlying sadness of things."



BRIGHT LAD (*late pantry-boy on liner*). "I've kept a calendar since we were washed ashore, Sir, and I find this is Christmas Day."

RICH BUT PENURIOUS PASSENGER. "Ah, you want a Christmas-box, I suppose. Well, here's a hundred-pound note, the smallest I've got. If we are ever picked up, which seems unlikely, you can give me back the odd ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence."

"But I can assure you that these Futurist ties are the very latest note in men's wear. Everyone is getting them; they've been so much in demand that this is the last box I have left. . . ."

This and many other things he says, which lead me to believe that he is a supreme judge of the tastes of his own sex. And later I must witness Henry's silent agony, confronted by Futurist ties and unable to cry out, but striving to find the proper words in thanks.

Of course it isn't only the male shop assistant who so vilely fails in his common obligations. I remember standing at a counter in one of our big stores when a youth came in and addressed the nearest female assistant with a pitiful air of bravado. "I say, you know, I want a present for a young lady," he said. "You'll be able to tell me the sort of thing girls like, won't you?"

There are thousands of things in shops, young men, that girls like. To name the most ordinary and obvious items we like boxes of gloves, vanity bags, fans, those big bottles of Eau de Cologne, silk stockings—why, we simply can't have enough silk stockings. If you gave them to us on every kind of anniversary throughout the year we should not have had our fill of them or ever complain of monotony. The girl behind the counter was, of course, perfectly aware of this, yet she remarked with disarming affability, "I should certainly



advise you to give her a silk Maltese lace handkerchief. These at two guineas each are extremely handsome."

Now I have nothing to say against silk Maltese lace handkerchiefs. It is true that they offer no scope for wiping the nose on them; they cannot be tucked in the corsage as an embellishment (except by the heroine of a story written by a man) because that idea has long gone out of fashion; you cannot convert them into d'oyleys or lamp-shades. Of course, if you had everything in the world you could possibly desire and the Slave of the Lamp was hanging about waiting for something to do, you might command him, "Bring hither silk Maltese lace handkerchiefs," but as a present for the average girl—well, it's the sort of thing that would embitter her at once.

The young man wavered. "It isn't much to look at for two guineas, but if you're sure she'd like it more than anything else. Of course you ought to know."

Even at the eleventh hour the assistant did not relent; pitiless, remorseless, in her heart "no chinks where love may enter in," she coerced that young man into flinging away two guineas. I pictured the poor girl who was to receive the gift sobbing her heart out on Christmas day and stamping on the Maltese lace handkerchief in her fury. It might even have led to a broken engagement. Such things do happen. I recall that the coolness and ultimate estrangement that sprang up between my brother and a girl who would have



The Central Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Union of Christmas Waits deciding the question of the amount to be demanded for moving into the next street but one.



HEAVILY-LADEN CHRISTMAS POSTMAN (*delivering a postcard in the first house on his round*). "Well, that's got rid o' one, anyhow."

made him an excellent wife began from the day she sent him an embroidered tie-holder. It was such a nice one too, and when the ribbons were fastened at both ends kept the ties beautifully flat. I'm sure I don't know why he got so enraged about it.

So I think it will be better to give Henry a cheque this year. Let me see—really nice silk stockings cost a guinea a pair. Suppose I give him a cheque for three guineas and leave the idea to sink into his brain. . . .

He knows I always like three pairs at a time.



COLD-WEATHER IDYLL

"Is that the man to attend to the frozen pipes, Mary?"

"No, Sir. It's the gentleman for the instalment on the refrigerator."



POOR DANCER. "I wish I could go on dancing with you like this for ever!"

PARTNER. "Why? Don't you *want* to improve?"



#### A SHOPPING TRAGEDY

The girl who bought one too many gas-balloons.



WIFE. "I'm just off to buy you a Christmas present, George."  
 HUSBAND. "Well, take this half-crown, it's all I can afford."

## The Escalator

(A Christmas Shopping Tragedy)

O H listen whilst the tale I tell  
 Of how—life happens so—  
 I came across my Amabel,  
 My loved of long ago.

We met—one passing glimpse, no more ;  
 We stood, but might not stay :  
 The inevitable onrush bore  
 Our fleeting lives away.

We met ; 'twas in a world of cares,  
 Each burdened by a load ;  
 We met upon the moving stairs  
 At Tottenham Court Road.

We met with no renewed delight  
 Our wandering ways to crown,  
 For she stood on the upward flight  
 While I stood on the down.

We passed in silence like two ships ;  
 We made no facial sign :  
 She held her ticket in her lips  
 And I my pipe in mine.

We made no gestures that might bring  
 The old dead years alive ;  
 I had twelve parcels tied with string,  
 And she had seventy-five.

Wedge tight as mortal souls may be  
 Where none may start nor stir,  
 My Amabel rolled up to me  
 And I rolled down to her.

Mutely I stood, with straining eyes  
 That bridged the gulf between,  
 Whilst she went upward to the skies  
 Conveyed by the machine.

My Amabel ! the same, unchanged—  
 Except, of course, her clothes—  
 Since those fond days when we arranged  
 To plight our mutual troths.

My Amabel ! the same, the same !  
 No doubt the glorious hair,  
 Though less of it since shingling came,  
 Substantially was there.

The same two orbs, the lustrous deeps  
 On which my soul had fed,  
 Were there ; and I remembered heaps  
 Of things that we had said.

Did she remember too what was,  
 What had been, but had died ?  
 One could not tell, of course, because  
 Her face was occupied.

\* \* \* \* \*

I reached the foot, I fought like hell,  
 I scaled the ascendant track :  
 And halfway up, lo ! Amabel  
 Came lightly rolling back.

She too had seen, she too desired  
 To tell me for my good  
 Where, since the old days had expired,  
 We two precisely stood.

One distant cold salute she gave ;  
 I raised my hard felt-hat ;  
 The untiring staircase, wave by wave,  
 Went on, and that was that.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more we turned, once more we  
 passed,  
 Each to our several train ;  
 I looked the third time and the last—  
 She froze me with disdain. EVOE



THE GHOST. "I am Sir Peter, who fell at Marston Moor."  
 COSTUME EXPERT. "Not in that hat, my dear fellow; it's a hundred years  
 too late."



LADY. "I suppose you've come for a Christmas-box?"

POSTMAN. "Er—no, Mum. I've come to apologise for all the bills I've delivered 'ere lately."

### The Caller

FILLED with an honest wrath I burst open my front door.  
"What the deuce——" I began.

A pair of mournful brown eyes, belonging to a well-dressed stranger, regarded me with a pained surprise.

"Really," I hastened to remark, "I'm most awfully sorry."

"Don't mention it," he conceded handsomely.

"The fact of the matter is," I continued, "that I've been doling out Christmas-boxes to a continual stream of people the whole blessed morning. I don't think I'm unduly close-fisted, but there's a limit to one's powers of largesse."

"Quite," he assented.

"It was carol-singers last week," I told him between set teeth. "Frankly, my nerves are a bit upset."

He coughed. "I—er——"

"It was unpardonable," I declared. "I do hope you'll believe——"

"Of course," he assured me. "I had——"

"It's extraordinarily good of you," I interrupted.

"I had hoped," he continued, "that perhaps you might remember me." I stared.

"I'm afraid I don't quite recall your face," I replied.

"I am the dustman," he said simply.





HEAVY-GOER (*at a late hour*). "Haven't the least idea what the time is—have you?" LONG-SUFFERING PARTNER (*seizing her opportunity*). "Oh, just ordinary valse-time."



THE UP-TO-DATE WAITS

### Wintry Fires

LADY, having been engaged since  
 May-day  
 (Pity that the Spring should ever stop !)  
 Now the year's no longer in its heyday,  
 Don't you think we'd better let it  
 drop ?

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly  
 Turns to love, as doubtless you're  
 aware ;

In the Spring we wax exceeding sprightly,  
 Due, no doubt, to something in the air.

Then, as was both natural and proper,  
 We two met and, scorning all delay,  
 Vowed to wed, and neither cared a copper  
 For the pregnant fact that it was May.

Summer came and, warming with the  
 weather,

Rarely was an ardour such as mine ;  
 You'll recall that, take it altogether,  
 For an English summer it was fine.

Summer turned to Autumn, and Sep-  
 tember

Opened to the world her golden feast ;  
 Quite a record month, as you'll remember,  
 And my love, if anything, increased.

Honestly, I thought it was a sure case ;  
 Only, now the early Winter's come,  
 Lady, as in others', so in your case,  
 I confess to getting rather numb.

Do not deem me fickle, dear, and faith-  
 less ;

Though the readjustment seems to be  
 Sudden—not to call it startling—  
 nathless

You can hardly put it down to me.

Love appears, for some unfathomed  
 reason,

Like a flow'r that ripens with the sun ;  
 And, like everything that has its season,  
 Withers when its little course is run.

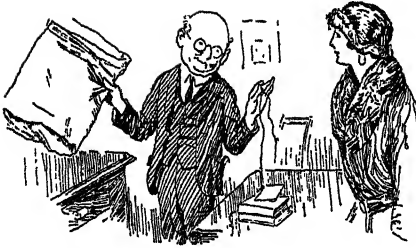


THE BRASS INSTRUMENTALIST. "I reckon she'll go better to-night, Tom. I found a mouse's nest in 'er when I got 'ome last night."

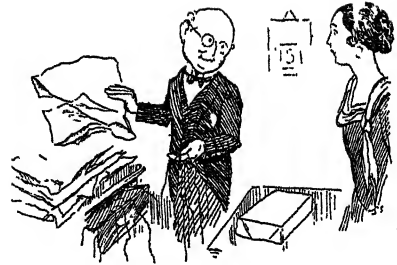
That's what I conceive to be the  
matter ;  
And I write, believe me, with regret ;  
For I own, with no desire to flatter,  
That you're quite the nicest girl I've  
met.

Still, farewell, or (put it less severely)  
*Au revoir* ; I hope you'll keep the  
ring ;  
Snows are brief, and I, who loved you  
dearly  
Once, again may do so—in the Spring.  
DUM-DUM

## A Triumph of Anti-waste



Paper and string, my dear—



Should always be saved—



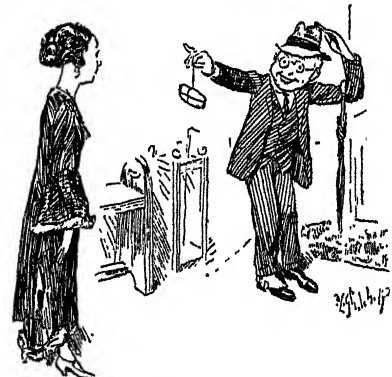
For sooner or later—



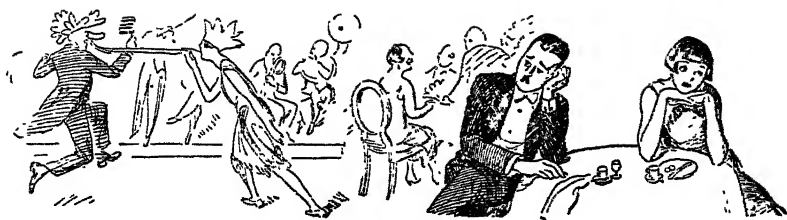
Occasion will arise—



When you wish to send off—



A parcel yourself.



THE TRANSFORMATION; OR, AIDS TO GLADNESS



"ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING"

BURGLAR (*to mate, as stalwart householder arrives on the scene*). "Oh, lor! Quick, Bert, think o' somethink seasonable!"

### Breaking Through

IT had often seemed strange to Mr. Thompson (of The Hollies) and Mr. Simpson (of The Firs) that after all these years they did not know each other by sight. Only The Acacias separated them during their leisure-hours. By day they were sundered owing to the fact that Mr. Thompson (running) used the 8.25, and Mr. Simpson (walking) the 8.42.

Snow fell so heavily and lay so deep that Mr. Thompson came out of his front-door with a garden-spade. He felt like a rough pioneer. The time was about 1 A.M. on Boxing-night, and Mr. Thompson had conceived the rather brilliant notion of digging a pathway for the milk. Warming to the exercise he began, after clearing his own home-patch, to cut into the mound which lay in front of The Acacias as well. The Acacias needed no milk; they were at Eastbourne. But it might be pleasant for them to find the snowdrift gone when they were retransplanted to the metropolis.

Every lamp-post had a thick white crust on the northerly side. The branches of the trees were fattened like the horns of elks. There were no stars.

Toiling on, Mr. Thompson was aware of a scraping and scuffling sound two or three feet away from him. The snow wall broke, and he encountered a figure as deeply muffled and heavily overcoated as his own. The two pioneers shook hands.

"Winter's icy mantle!" said The Firs with a ringing laugh.

Mr. Thompson was not to be beaten by so simple a gambit as that.

"A white Christmastide!" he returned.

"The grip of the Snow-king!" said The Firs after a few moments' meditation.

"An arctic world!" answered The Hollies, scoring heavily again.

Reassured that the climatic conditions hid no secrets from either of them, they became very friendly indeed.

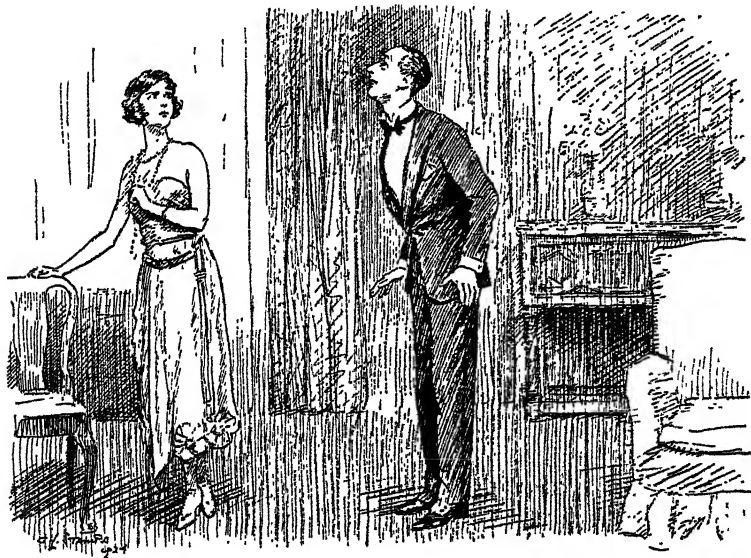
"Come into my house for a moment and have something to keep the cold out," said Mr. Simpson at last. "We've a little party on."

Mr. Thompson explained that he had a little party on too. He must get back to it again. He had in fact already been absent from the revelry too long.

"Just for a minute," argued The Firs. "You've never been into my house yet, you know."

"Nor for the matter of that," countered The Hollies, "have you ever been into mine."

Mr. Simpson still pressed. Mr. Thompson still hesitated. He had a secondary reason for his refusal which might not have weighed with a more robust and self-confident man, but which counted for a good deal with him.



SHE (who has just been kissed). "How dare you?"

HE. "My mistake; I'll swear there was a bunch of mistletoe there last Christmas."



SUITABLE SONGS FOR THE SEASON

"Hullabaloo-bela-belay."





THE OPTIMISTS; OR, LONG-DISTANCE CAROLLING

The fact was that, underneath his frieze overcoat and check golfing-cap, he happened to be a pirate-king.

He had left behind him in The Hollies no others than Columbine, Queen Elizabeth, an Arab sheikh and the Fat Boy. Nor had his own transformation—whatever might be said about the others—improved the respectability of his personal appearance. He had burnt-cork side-whiskers and a burnt-cork moustache. His eyebrows met and there were brass curtain-rings hanging from his ears. Underneath his golf-cap was a bright-coloured silk handkerchief, knotted at all four corners. There was a piece of yellow sticking-plaster on his right cheek.

"You look like a bally old Bolshevik," Queen Elizabeth had told him with all the rough outspokenness of the Tudor line.

No modest man cares to make his first appearance in the house of a near neighbour without washing off the more obvious traces of freebooting on the high seas.

He explained the delicate situation to The Firs.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Simpson heartily. "Don't you worry about that. Nobody's going to mind in the least."

Persuaded at last, Mr. Thompson followed his neighbour, removed his cap and overcoat in the hall and was shown into the drawing-room.



ENERGETIC CONDUCTOR OF WAITS. "We'll start with 'Softly the Night is Sleepin'.' Now, boys, ready? All together! Let 'er rip!"



THE IRREVOCABLE KISS  
 SUPERSTITIOUS YOUTH. "Great Scott! it isn't mistletoe after all."

The drawing-room of The Firs contained (in various attitudes) a pierrot, Dr. Johnson, Marie Antoinette and Mephistopheles. A merry throng.

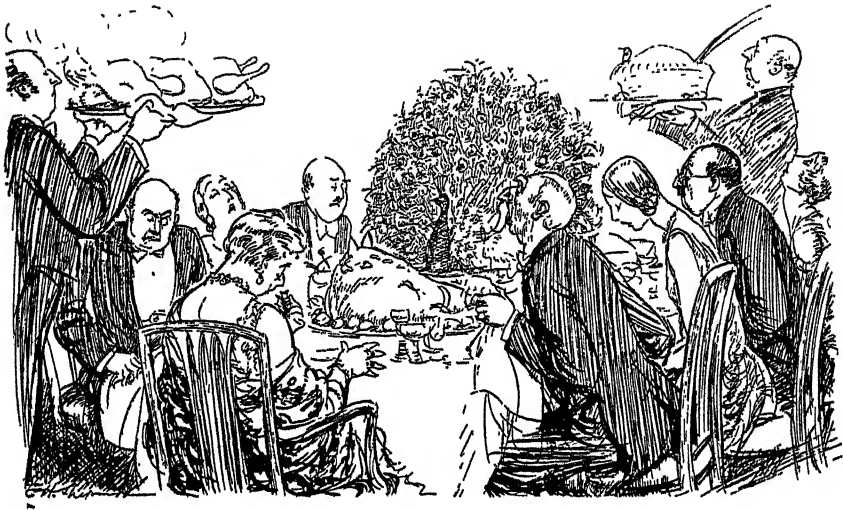
A little dazed by the sudden light and the brilliance of the gathering, Mr. Thompson turned to his host, who had also removed his outer wrappings, with a mild request for introductions.

For a few mad moments he thought that he was seeing himself in a looking-glass. Then he realised what was the matter.

Mr. Simpson was also a Spanish buccaneer.

Like Mr. Thompson, and probably most other impromptu pirates in the Outer Metropolis, Mr. Simpson too had dark curling side-whiskers, heavy moustachios, a bright bandana handkerchief on his head and curtain rings hanging from his ears. There, however, the resemblance ceased. The broad scarf (in club colours) over the white cricket-shirt of Mr. Thompson was varied in the case of Mr. Simpson by a black paper skull-and-crossbones stitched on to a pullover. Mr. Thompson, following the sound tradition of Blackbeard, wore mauve pyjamas tucked into his gumboots. Mr. Simpson, using Flint as his model, had chosen tennis-trousers. Mr. Thompson was armed for rapine with a long-handled pistol having a cork at the end, Mr. Simpson with an

## The Festive Season



If to-day we had to face: (1) The Gargantuan Dinner.



(2) The Four-Bottle Ordeal.

## To Add Zest to our Christmas Shopping

Our children already have their bazaar, where they are served in character.  
Why not extend the idea?



The Children's Bazaar.



In the Tobacco Department.



Buying Furs.



A Cheery Wine Order Office.

ivory-bladed dirk. Otherwise they were equally terrifying, and had they been boarding a caravel together you might have sworn that they were twins.

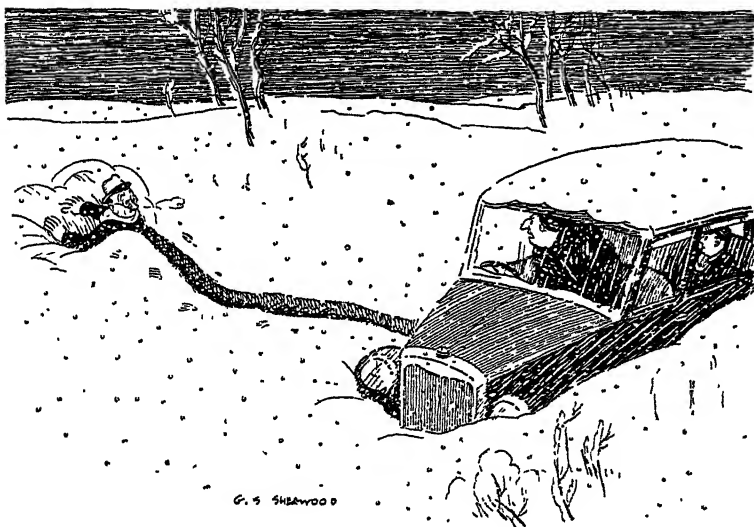
So much merriment was occasioned by the coincidence that in a few moments Mr. Thompson, at the request of Mephistopheles, was singing the song which he had invented only that evening, and sung, by command, about seven times over for the Virgin Queen.

Broach me a keg of rum, boys,  
Broach me a keg of rum !  
And then let the enemy come, boys,  
What does it matter if we've got rum, boys ?  
Broach me a keg of rum !

were the words. Not very original, no doubt, but the lyrical outpourings of Spanish buccaneers have always had a limited range.



THE LAGGARD IN LOVE. "I see you have incorporated in your scheme of decoration that parasitic plant which the Druids of old regarded as an object of peculiar reverence."



WIFE. "And while you are in the village get me a copy of 'Home Firesides' and a funny joke paper for Eric, but *not* the one with Tiny Tiddlers and the Tinker Tots in. And put your hat on straight; you look like a jockey."

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Simpson also danced a hornpipe together.

Letting himself on board his own lugger with his latch-key, the owner of The Hollies was greeted by reproachful cries and began to defend himself as well as he could.

"And what sort of a pirate did this old booster Simpson make?" inquired the Arab sheikh with a touch of scorn.

"A very handsome one indeed," replied Mr. Thompson. "Rather like me."

"Golly!" said the sheikh, rolling his eyes till nothing but the whites could be seen. The Terror of the Indies threw a silk sofa-cushion at his head.

Later, in the bathroom of The Hollies he removed the dark evidence of piracy from his face with the help of a great deal of cold-cream. In the bathroom of The Firs Mr. Simpson was doing the same.

The tenant of The Firs (trotting carefully) took the 8.25 to the City, and the tenant of The Hollies (treading delicately) the 8.42.

Their paths were sundered again. Their roystering companionship was no more.

And it seemed strange to both of them that after all these years they did not know each other by sight.

EVOR



HEROINE. "Hands up or I f-fire."  
BURGLAR. "Wot! Not under the mistletoe, lidy?"





How comes it that young Simpkin, usually so *gauche* and silent in society, wears to-night this easy air of *insouciance* and assurance?

It is because he has just realised that the date is December 22, and he need no longer cudgel his brains desperately for conversation-openings. Behold him, after introduction to the fair Miss Townley, easily observing—"The—er—days begin to—er—lengthen out, don't they?"

(December 19, 1900)

## To My Postman

(A Yuletide Homily)

**H**ENRY or William, as the case may  
be  
(Or let me call you Herbert, like your  
master),  
Unbinder of the bags of destiny,  
The meter-out of sunshine and dis-  
aster,

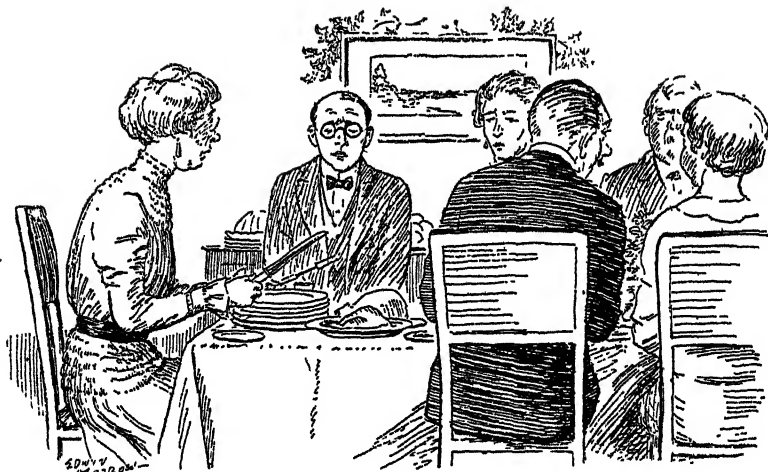
I noticed, Herb,  
You capped me yestermorning on the  
kerb.

You want your Christmas box ? but tell  
me why ;

Your cousin in the casque and beetle-  
biffers

Who quells obstruction with his awful eye  
When frays occur or when the cabman  
differs,

He, as a rule,  
Has earned the silvery palm he wears  
at Yule ;



LANDLADY. "A little turkey, Mr. Smithers?"

BOARDER. "Yes, it certainly is on the small side."

He keeps the pestilential tramp away ;  
Blend of the tireless sleuth-hound and  
the tough lynx,  
He nearly always knows the time of day,  
And nabs the felon who would pouch  
my cuff-links ;

But you, old son,  
What, in the name of Samuel, have  
you done ?

Have you not always tried to fob me off  
With stale old bills, and futile pro-  
paganda,  
And moneylenders' ads, and cures for  
cough,  
When I was faint for something from  
Amanda ?

Ay, and far worse,  
When I expected needs for flower-like  
verse ?

Morns there have been—ay ! blush for it  
as red

As your own pillar-box—when you  
have simply  
Passed by the front-door gate, and cut  
me dead,  
Though all your sack with envelopes  
was pimply :  
Never a line  
To feed the sacred Muse, the fire  
divine.

Others again, when you have brought  
me—wet  
With tears of editors—some homing  
sonnet,  
Wrapped in a note like this of wild  
regret :—

" Your manuscript has every sign upon  
it

Of heaven-born flame,  
But will not suit us. Thanks for offer-  
ing same."

At times you've roused me from the  
 evening lamp  
 For some absurdly unimportant  
 billet  
 (Because it failed to wear your footling  
 stamp)  
 To squander twopence—by Apollo's  
 fillet!

At times to weep  
 Over some card returned from death's  
 long sleep.

This is the way, O Herb, you've done  
 your job,  
 And now you seek for largesse from the  
 poet!

Small value have I found for this five  
 bob,

Still, as you say, it's Christmas; I'll  
 bestow it;

Only look here!

My correspondence *must* improve next  
 year.

EVOE



"You can't make snowballs here."  
 "It's all right, Guv'nor, it's the beer."

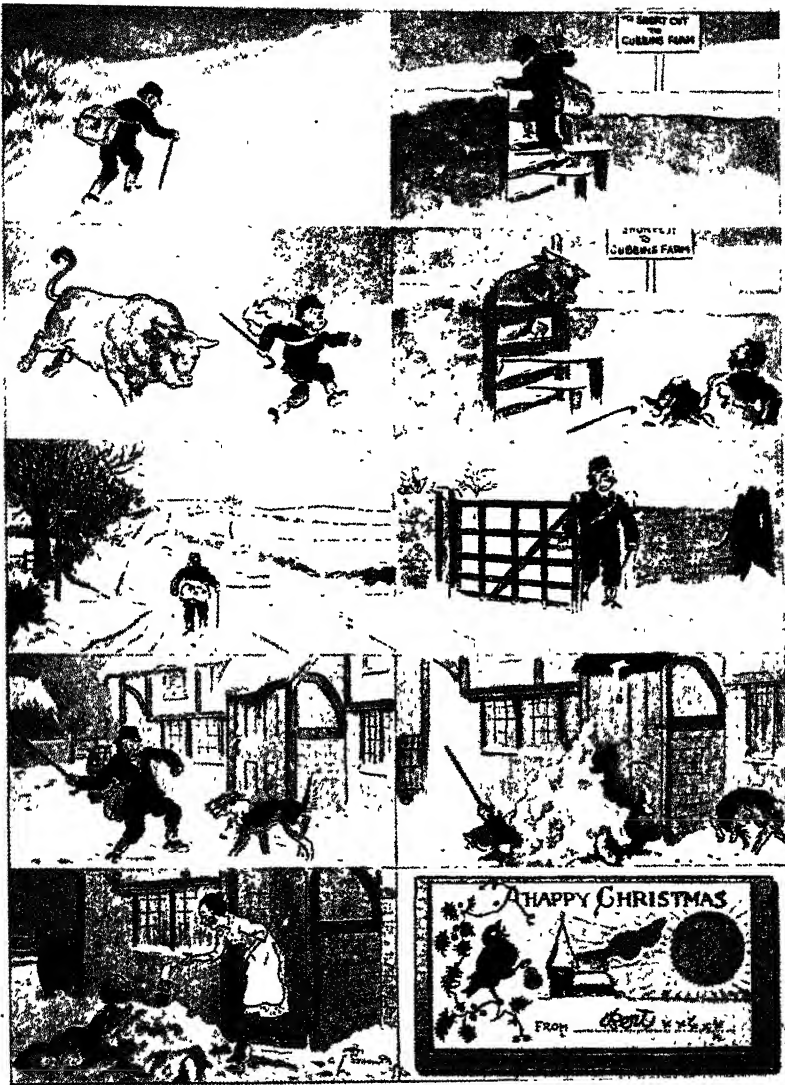


FIRST MUSICIAN (to second ditto). " 'King Wenceslas' don't seem to be the draw it used to be. 'Ow d' yer think it would be to synkerpate it?'"

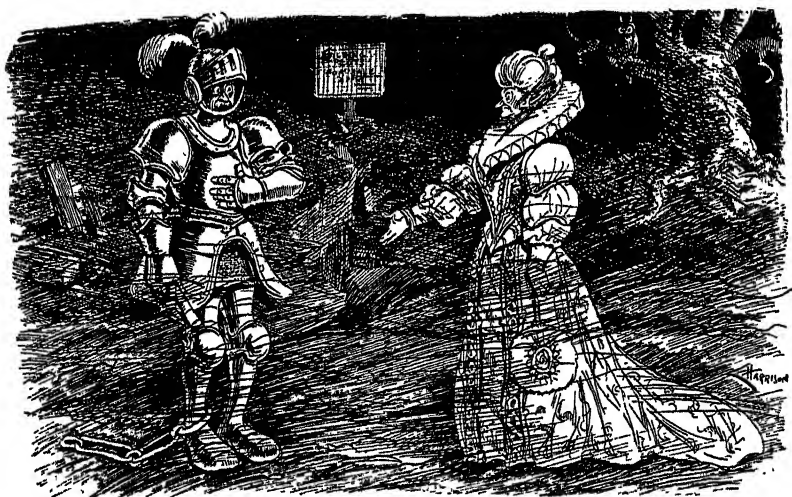
### La Grippe

J'AI peur  
Du flu.  
Tout à l'heure  
J'ai bu  
Un peu trop  
De whisky chaud  
Sans cau,  
Et j'ai vu

Trois faces  
Dans la glace—  
Trois moi  
A la fois !  
Et, ma foi !  
Tous les trois  
Ont flu !



ALL FOR THIS!



THE GREY LADY. "Odds boddikins, Sir Ughtred, did not your Moated Grange stand here?"

THE SPECTRE KNIGHT. "By my halidom, yes; but a millionaire's bought it and shipped it to America."

THE GREY LADY. "Why didst not go with it?"

THE SPECTRE KNIGHT. "In sooth, I'm such a bad sailor."

## Sales for Two

"NO," she said with a faint touch of restraint in her manner—"no, I didn't go to a single one of the sales this year—not one."

"I saw you the other day," I said, a little suspiciously perhaps, "looking at a window in the West-End."

"I know," she admitted; "they were selling the loveliest bridge coats reduced to their normal price, and silk stockings for almost nothing, only such impossible colours no one could possibly wear them, but so cheap it was a sin not to buy them. But," she said, and sighed, "I left them and never even went into the shop."

"Why was that?" I asked sympathetically.

"Haven't you noticed?" she asked, a little surprised, "how attractive the shops are making their sales for men now?"

"But surely," I argued, "that doesn't make them less attractive to women?"

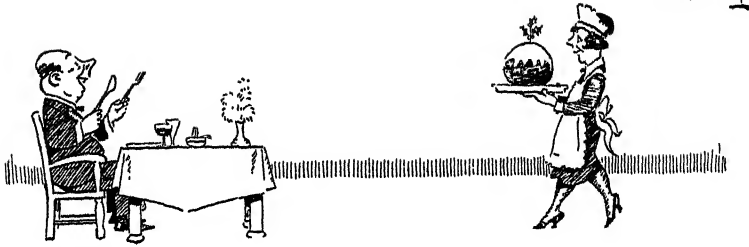
"No," she admitted; "no-o, it's not that exactly, it's the expense."

"Expense," I protested, "when sales are the greatest of money-saving devices?"

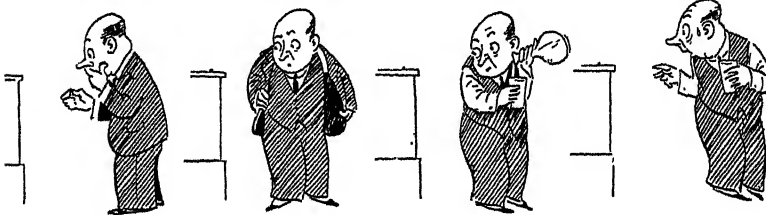


THE INSPIRED MUSICIAN AND THE CHRISTMAS HAM

# Straining at a Gnat



Our friend Smith can manage anything this size quite easily—

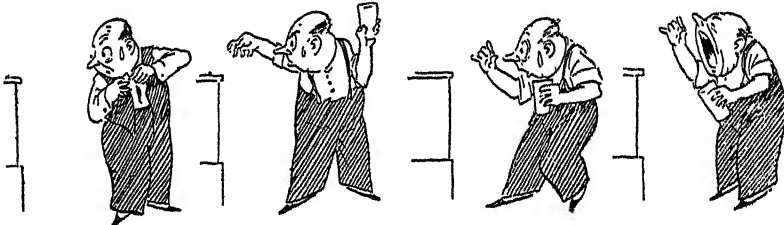


But—

You ought—

To see—

How—



When he—

Has—

To—

Take—



A—

Quite—

Small—

Liver-pill.





NEW-RICH TENANT OF ANCIENT MANSION. "L-look! D-d' yer see that?"  
GUEST. "Yes. It seemed to me that he deliberately cut you."

"Oh yes," she agreed, "so they are; but then Tom and I aren't millionaires, and while we can afford one of us saving money all through January, both of us doing it would mean—well, I don't know what. Tom's bought three new dressing-gowns already, all of them awfully cheap at half-marked price, only twice what he would have given in the ordinary way; and then he'll never wear one of them, because he simply won't give up that awful old thing all in holes he has had for centuries."

"Do you mean?" I asked incredulously, "that Tom has been going to the sales on his own account?"

"It began," she said, "the very first day, and he has brought home nothing but bargains ever since. One shop advertised socks for sale at an alarming sacrifice, and Tom said he had cold feet anyhow and he would have a look at them on the way to the office, and he bought them all."

"All?"

"Well, there can't have been many left. I found him clearing all my things out of one of my drawers because he said he had to put the socks somewhere, and I always grumbled so if he left things on the floor."

"However, if they were cheap," I murmured.

"Oh, they were cheap," she admitted; "not much more than he usually pays, and perhaps in time he'll be able to wear most of them, but I can't see

what he wants with seven pairs of gloves, all yellow, and he never wears yellow gloves, and if he did I should love him still, but for himself alone; and it's all very well for him to say they were such a bargain he simply couldn't resist them."

"I can quite imagine," I agreed, "that no one could possibly resist seven pairs of gloves—all yellow."

"But when he showed me," she continued, "an advertisement of a sale of dress-suits, all marked down to three guineas each, guaranteed as worn in fashionable circles, and he said he thought of getting several because it was such a good opportunity, I felt I had to do something."

"It was time," I agreed; "but does he want a dress-suit—I mean several?"

"No, but he said you never knew when a thing might come in useful, and you could keep it by you and wait, and then when you wanted it there it was."

"Unless," I observed, "you happen to have forgotten where you put it."

"If you are referring," she said with some dignity, "to those two remnants of gold brocade I got last sales, only one got mislaid, and it wasn't my fault that they charged so much for sending to Paris to get the other matched."



LADY (fearful of being suspected of gate-crashing). "Will you find out if we refused or accepted the invitation for to-night's fancy-dress dance?"



"Hullo, Smith, doing your Christmas shopping rather late, aren't you?"  
 "No, I'm not. These are for *next* Christmas."

"Of course it wasn't," I agreed, "and I wasn't thinking of that at all, but only of some cigars my sister bought me at the sales, awfully cheap, and gave them to me, and I've never been able to remember where I put them."

"Well, it's your own fault," she said severely, "and it wasn't a bit like that with me, and anyhow the brocade wasn't lost, for I found it the very same day the new brocade came from Paris, so there wasn't anything really for anyone to grumble at, was there?"

"Certainly not," I agreed. "And did Tom buy his dress-suits in the end or did he let the opportunity slip?"

"Well, we had a tremendous argument, because he would keep saying that money saved was money gained, and he simply couldn't afford not to gain money like that these hard times, and I said he didn't really need them because he already had three, his best and his second-best and the one he wears when we go to see relations, and he said he knew he didn't need them yet, but what a tremendous saving when he did. Of course I know it's a saving," she admitted mournfully, "but you see we simply can't *both* afford to go on saving money at that rate, so one of us has got to stop."

E. R. P.

## To Our Friend the Enemy

O THOU whose brown and ample bulk  
 delights  
 The jaded appetites of boys and kings,  
 And makes dyspeptic uncles dream at  
 nights  
 Of imps and things :

We little heed, who hail with loud ap-  
 plause  
 The liquid fire that round about thee  
 glides,  
 The havoc thou wilt subsequently cause  
 In our insides.

For lo! thou art Plumpudding! and  
 the rest,  
 The Christmas-tree, the cracker and  
 the wait  
 Mere gauds with which our loving hands  
 invest  
 Thine awesome state.

Turkey and goose, for mere convention's  
 sake,  
 We trifle with or pass severely by,  
 And ladies, if they're superstitious, take  
 A hot mince pie.

But thou art food for gods! The ap-  
 pointed hour  
 Calls us as to a sacrificial feast,  
 Where thy peculiar votaries devour  
 Three helps at least.

Lone men in Clubs, misanthropists at  
 heart,  
 And sun-baked wanderers beyond the  
 sea,  
 Calling the waiter quietly apart,  
 Enquire for thee.

None is so wholly destitute but some  
 Kind Providence preserves him in its  
 care,  
 Giving him duff whereout the casual  
 plum  
 Peeps unaware.

Draymen remove their boots and with  
 profound  
 Contentment sit at home and watch  
 thee boil ;  
 Their lives no longer seem a changeless  
 round  
 Of swipes and toil.

And even Robert, whom at night I hear  
 Flouting the pavement with his far-  
 flung feet,  
 For Cookie and a slice of Christmas cheer  
 Deserts his beat.

Men say thy form some high romance  
 conceals ;  
 We little know, nor do we raise a fuss :  
 Briefly, it isn't history, but meals,  
 Appeals to us.

And so we cherish thee, the emblem blest  
 Of Yuletide fun and seasonable mirth :  
 Though all too apt to lie upon the chest  
 And swell the girth.

Ah yes, thou cuttest short men's high  
 careers ;  
 Anon we die who now partake with  
 glee.  
*Te morituri edimus*—but here's  
 Long life to thee !



#### EXTENDING THE SALES IDEA

Restaurants could so easily get rid of surplus stocks by advertising a Remnant Day once a week.

#### A Cure for an Old Complaint

ONCE again, all gaunt and pale,  
Time, this waning of December,  
Adds a Christmas to the tale  
Of the many I remember ;  
Vexed with Anno Domini—  
As its vengeful microbe burrows—  
I can feel it dim the eye,  
Streak the beard, and plough fresh  
furrows.

Missiles by Time's malice flung  
Our devoted brows have battered ;  
Those we loved when all was young  
Now are dead, or false, or scattered ;

Brooding over fancied wrongs—  
Smarting as old friends grow colder—  
'Tis the burden of our songs :  
" Ah, the world is growing older !"

Thus as gloomy reverie  
Falls upon me uninvited,  
Come the shouts of childish glee  
As the Christmas-tree is lighted ;  
Phyllis, your delighted cry  
Sounds above the joyous dinning—  
Is the world grown older ?—Why,  
No, dear child, 'tis just beginning !



"Now I—er—want a Christmas toy, please, suitable for a small boy whose father is very corpulent and unable to do any kneeling."

## The Little Fat Boy

An Echo of Christmas

THE soup came in, and the soup was good.  
The little boy gobbled as fast as he could,  
And I frowned reproach, as an uncle should.

Followed the fish with its sauce of pink ;  
Did the boy say " Yes " to it ?—I don't think !

Is sherry a thing that a child should drink ?

In came the turkey sausage-flanked,  
Deeply breasted and stoutly shanked.  
The boy came twice. Why are boys not spanked ?



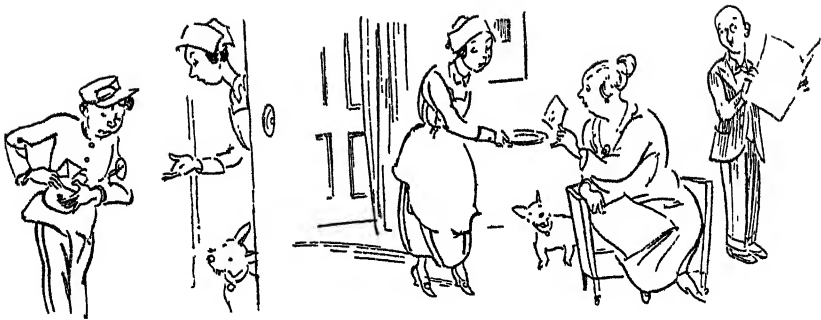
NEW MILLIONAIRE (*to gardener on Christmas-Eve*). "If you can get a saw or something, Thompson, and have this tree down by tea-time, we'll have a real Yule-log fire to-night."

Beef if you wanted it—*That* boy did !  
Wanted it twice, the untanned kid !  
I caught his eye and he drooped one lid.

In came the pudding, a blaze of blue.  
Wider the eyes of the fat boy grew.  
They piled his plate, and he went right  
through.

Oranges next. He disposed of three ;  
Smuggled a fourth to his shameless knee ;  
Reached for an apple, and grinned at  
me.

After dinner his steps I tracked  
His waistcoat buttons were all intact ;  
And the tale I've told is a simple fact.



UNWELCOME GUESTS



After you've been through—



The Glove—



The Hosiery—



The Blouse—



The Fancy—



The Stationery—



The Shoe—



The Toy—



The China and Glass—



The Music and—



The Confectionery  
Departments—



Isn't it a treat to reach the Furnishing?



THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

SHADE OF CHARLES DICKENS }  
CHRISTMAS-CARD ROBIN } *(together)*. "So this is Christmas!"



#### COMFORT

HOST (*to nervous Guest*). "I say, old chap, if you hear any noises in the night, it's probably only the rats—at least, we always try to think so!"

### The Passing of New Year's Eve

To Thomas, gone ski-ing.

HOW oft, O friend of early troth,  
Ere yet the Hours had taken toll  
Of that superbly tufted growth  
That crowns the adolescent poll,  
Far back in days still full of fine illusions,

Still flushed with boyhood's lingering glow,  
Together we compared our hearts' confusions,  
Watching the Old Year go.

Time then could never move too fast,  
Too soon renew its annual pledge ;  
No memory of a barren past  
Had dulled ambition's eager edge :

Still freshly painted in a crude vermilion  
The future, with its fame to win,  
Smiled on us as we heard the clashed carillon  
Pealing the New Year in.

For three full decades, off and on,  
We kept the ancient custom up,  
And talked of times to be, or gone,  
Over the temperate wassail-cup ;  
Hand locked in hand, serenely raised the question,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"  
And poured contempt upon the vile suggestion,  
Saying that it should not.

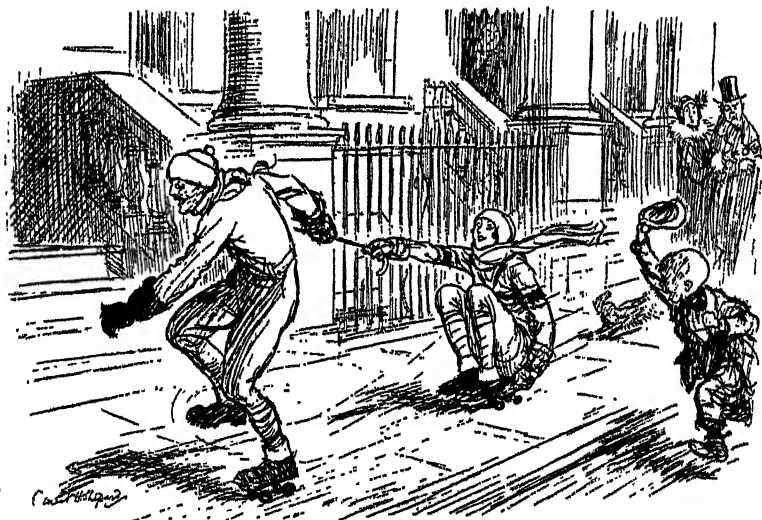
And, since to songs of good Auld Syne  
 Some local weight the scene supplies,  
 Now by your hearth we met, now mine,  
 But ever under home-grown skies ;  
 Here by the climate's help that so en-  
 hances

The loyal patriot's private cheer,  
 Next to ourselves we thought of Eng-  
 land's chances  
 In the ensuing year.

But all is changed ! And this our own  
 Tight little island, where we two  
 So long had greeted, now has grown  
 Too little and too tight for you ;  
 Spurning your country's claims at such a  
 season,

Yearly you go to risk your scalp,  
 With what, I think, amounts almost to  
 treason,  
 Upon an alien Alp.

There New Year's Eve shall see you  
 trip  
 To strains of some exotic band ;  
 As midnight strikes, you'll take and grip  
 Two perfect strangers by the hand ;  
 And hint that naught (for Auld Syne's  
 sake) shall sever  
 The bond that twines you with the  
 twain  
 Whom you have never met before, and  
 never  
 Desire to meet again ! O. S.



#### PAVEMENT WINTER SPORTS

For those who cannot get away to Switzerland.